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NOT after-dinner speeches by Arthur James Balfour in America, but the labors of the Anglo-Irish delegates in London, are building the true foundations of an enduring friendship between English-speaking peoples. For without a satisfactory solution of the Irish issue, such as, despite Sir James Craig's incredible obduracy, seems about to be reached, Washington conferees labor in vain. Besides the healing of the Irish wound, dispatches indicate progress, slower but not the less real, toward healing one of the other outstanding sore spots which threaten the whole life of Europe. It is evident that even France is about to agree to some respite for Germany from the payment of impossible reparations. Such a respite may be attended by foolish and in the long run even impossible conditions; but it is evident that the preliminary requirement for any financial adjustment which will avert a fiscal collapse of catastrophic proportions is a truce in which passions may cool and reason return to Europe. The outlook is grave enough but in the progress of Irish negotiations and the informal discussion on reparations is evidence that the race has saving instincts which are checking its onward rush to self-destruction.

AMERICA seems to be awakening at last to the reality of the Russian famine. The harsh barrier of misinformation and hate that so long kept American relief out of Russia is breaking down. When factories are burning corn for fuel it would be cruel indeed if American farmers would not give some of their surplus grain for the crying children of the Volga—and at last the farmers are responding to the need. The churches, long afraid of Russia, are beginning to echo with appeals for help. Mr. Hoover announces that in addition to food he has shipped in forty carloads of medical and hospital supplies—including 80,000 sheets, 60,000 blankets, 15 tons of castor oil, and 25 tons of cod liver oil. The response to the Quaker appeal is growing. And the first American medical unit for service in Russia is being formed at 110 West 40th Street, New York City, to cooperate with the Russian Red Cross, American doctors and pharmacists heartily assisting in the task of raising $100,000 in cash and supplies.

POLAND is a good child. She tries to follow the example of her worthy elders in respect to militarism, imperialism, and reaction. Her latest effort takes the form of an anti-Communist law, modelled after that of her elder sister Jugoslavia. The death penalty is provided for any attempt against the government. Prison terms of 20 years are imposed upon persons involved in "preparation" of such attempts—which may mean almost anything. Lest there be any clemency, the law provides that the sentences follow automatically upon the court's decision as to guilt. According to the Berlin correspondent of the New York *World* the law is worded so elastically that it can be applied to almost anybody and anything not in sympathy with the Government. It bars from participation in elections any party opposed to the existing regime. Aimed primarily against the Communists, it can also be used against the whole labor movement. Not even the famous anti-Socialist legislation of the Iron Chancellor, nor the decrees of Czarist Russia, can compare with this law. It is a wise child that can beat its own parents. Clemenceau's original plan of a "barbed wire barrier" against Soviet Russia has failed; now Poland proposes a wall of gallows.

AT last a new thing under the sun! Justice Guy of New York has for the first time in American history granted an injunction to a labor union against an employers' association. The International Ladies' Garment Workers, through their attorneys, Samuel Untermeyer and Morris Hillquit, contended that the manufacturers' association was conspiring to induce or compel individual employers to break their agreement with the union and thus was doing it irreparable harm. The facts were clear, the precedents for judicial action in analogous cases where employers sought protection were overwhelming. The injunction was, perhaps, more easily procured because the clothing employers have nothing like the financial power or social prestige of the employers in, let us say, the coal industry, while the workers are well organized and represented by unusually able counsel. The injunction if made permanent will undoubtedly handicap the manufacturers in the present struggle and improve the morale of the workers who have in recent years been made to feel like outlaws in the literal sense of the word. But the real value of justice Guy's decision is that it may serve to arrest the tendency to use the injunction as a class weapon

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in the struggle with labor. The bosses may hesitate to employ it if it turns out to be a gun which kicks as far as it shoots. That this hope is not born of pure imagination is proved by the surprising spectacle of the New York *Times* among the critics of injunctions. Editorially it quotes with approval Prof. R. F. Hoxie's advice to labor leaders to avoid the courts on the ground that they lack flexibility of judgment on the basis of existing conditions and it concludes: "Sooner or later government by commission must supplement government by injunction." But it took an injunction against employers to urge the *Times* along a road to wisdom which it never explored when outrageous injunctions were issued against the coal miners.

BY the decision of an arbitrator, Dr. John L. Elliott, the present wage scale of $50 a week is maintained for Typographical Union No. 6 of New York. We know of no other important union in the country which has maintained its wage scale in the teeth of the veritable gale of reductions that has swept the country. Furthermore, the arbitration proceedings were marked by a high degree of scientific method. Unions are too often prone to rely on bluster and bluff or back-stairs trading in wage negotiations. In this case the union, aided by technical experts, presented to the arbitrator in open court a mass of concrete evidence not only upon wages in their relation to the cost of living but upon the economic condition of their employers' business. The budget figures presented by the union evidently proved to the satisfaction of the arbitrator that $50 a week is necessary to maintain a decent American standard of living. As to business conditions, Dr. Elliott stated in his decision that "facts were presented by the union which indicated a wholesome condition in the industry." This decision, maintaining as it does an unusually high scale, throws doubt upon the justice and wisdom of wholesale and indiscriminate wage cutting. Another encouraging labor victory is the settlement of the strike of the Bayonne oil workers. They proposed and received a 10 per cent—as against a 24 per cent—wage cut, but they have come out of the struggle with certain definite concessions, increased confidence, and, more important than all, a well-organized union.

DURING the period of government control of railroads the shop-workers were organized and obtained some 208 working rules which constituted the so-called national agreements. Soon after the railroads had been returned to their owners the executives, led by Mr. Atterbury of the Pennsylvania, appeared before the Railway Labor Board to argue, (1) against all national agreements and working rules, and (2) against each separate rule in particular. After due hearing the Board a few months ago promulgated some 24 rules of basic importance upholding, among other things, the general principle of collective bargaining. Now it has rendered a decision which apparently reenacts most of the old regulations, but repeals or modifies a few on the ground that they laid burdensome and wasteful conditions upon the management of shops. The Board estimates that under its new ruling the railways will save $50,000,000. This has been generally hailed as a victory for the roads, but is it? Actually, not only the principles of a national agreement and of collective bargaining have been upheld, but even the great majority of the particular rules under which the shop-workers were protected in their dealings with their employers. President Jewell of the union furthermore points out that the estimated saving in labor costs goes far toward undermining the railroad argument as to the necessity of further wage reductions.

STUDENTS of governmental psychology may be interested in learning how *The Nation* broke into the Atlanta Penitentiary. Thomas Walsh, who had been an Irish political prisoner at Atlanta, brought word from Eugene V. Debs that he was not allowed to see *The Nation* and certain other papers. In response to our telegraphic inquiry, the warden informed us:

> Your paper is not circulating in this institution and for any further reason I respectfully refer you to the Department of Justice.

We took up the matter with the Attorney-General and on November 28 his assistant, Mabel Walker Willebrandt, wrote us as follows:

> The warden at the Atlanta Penitentiary has today been instructed to distribute to the inmates of his institution any newspapers permitted to come through the mail, provided there is nothing especially objectionable, in his opinion, in the matter which certain issues may contain.

If the Government will keep political prisoners in jail, this establishment of a censorship over, instead of an embargo against, the papers they desire to read, is a step in the right direction.

IN an article on the convention of the American Legion at Kansas City, printed in *The Nation* of November 23, we allowed a correspondent to say that August F. Seested, general manager of the Kansas City *Star*, "was for a time barred from his own offices by the alien zoning rule in the midst of the war and was forced to make belated application for naturalization." The fact is that Mr. Seested is the son of a former German subject, and had long believed himself to be a citizen of this country through the naturalization of his father. Shortly before the United States entered the European War Mr. Seested learned that his father's naturalization had been defective and thereupon applied for citizenship. This was granted some three months after America's declaration of war. In the meanwhile Mr. Seested was permitted to go to his office as usual. *The Nation* is glad to present an accurate statement of the facts and is sorry it did injustice to Mr. Seested. Several readers have expressed their belief that town hoodlums, gamblers, and bootleggers were primarily responsible for the disorder in Kansas City and that the Legion should be judged with the same tolerance that is extended to college students celebrating after a victorious football game. We are glad to print on page 703 a letter from Maude Radford Warren expressive of this point of view. Our critics ignore, however, the vital fact that accounts agree that the police were afraid to make, and did not make, any arrests even when they were obliged to draw their clubs and fire their revolvers to quell disorder. This indicates what we have pointed out before, that the Legion regards itself, and is too often regarded, as a super-government above the law. Had the Legion's officers been zealous for its reputation, they would have cooperated with the law-enforcing authorities in preventing excesses. Instead, they ignored them as many times before they have ignored outrages by groups of Legion members on the ground that the acts were "individual" and "unofficial."

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THE Tumulty narrative, winding its slow course along, has an object lesson in it for everybody. For instance, secretaries to literary men may profit from this passage found, we solemnly avow, in the chapter entitled Reservations, devoted to Mr. Wilson's anguish over the defeat of the treaty in the Senate:

> I said, by way of trying to strengthen and encourage him at this, one of the critical moments of his life—a moment that I knew was one of despair for him: "Governor, I want to read a chapter from the third volume of your 'History of the American People,' if it will not tire you." He graciously gave his assent and I took from under my arm the volume containing an account of the famous John Jay treaty, in the defense of which Alexander Hamilton was stoned while he stood defending it on the steps of the New York City Hall. There was, indeed, a remarkable similarity between the fight over the John Jay treaty and the Versailles treaty. I read an entire chapter of Woodrow Wilson's "History of the American People." . . . When I concluded reading this chapter, the President's comment was: "It is mighty generous of you to compare my disappointment over the treaty with that of Washington's [*sic*]. *You have placed me in mighty good company.*

The style, the grammar, and the italics are all Mr. Secretary Tumulty's. And the tact, the tact!

STUDENTS of the University of Havana, Cuba, have thrown a new sidelight upon the popularity of American imperialism in the Caribbean by the vehemence of their protest against the announced intention of the university authorities to confer the degree of Doctor of Laws upon General Leonard Wood and upon General E. H. Crowder. One hundred of them signed a petition of protest, and when steps were taken to discipline them the entire student body rallied to their support. So far as we can learn the university neither disciplined the students nor conferred the degrees. The opposition was directed especially against General Crowder, not so much because he was blamed as because he represented the United States. The students' point of view is shown in the following paragraph from their petition:

> In the present crisis which this country is undergoing, without the necessary supplies in our schools, with our buildings half completed, our library lacking in books, the public teachers of the interior famished and in debt, our Government insulted and scorned as in Santo Domingo and Haiti, it is an imprudence which stings us to the core to think for a moment that our University is to be lashed to the chariot of victorious Yankee imperialism . . . as a justification for the numerous intrigues which are being perpetrated to hand over our country to foreigners.

IT sounds like a fairy-tale—the story of Argentina's reception of her immigrants as told in the current *Bulletin* of the Pan American Union: A hotel with rooms for 6,000 "guests," a scientific kitchen scrupulously clean in which is prepared plenty of good food, immaculate dormitories for men and women, a whole corridor of bath-rooms with hot and cold water, baths required twice a week, moving pictures of Argentina's opportunities, hospital service, special maternity wards, and gardens open to the "hotel guests." Mental, physical, and police certificates are the only requirements for entry; a government employment bureau finds work for any desiring its assistance; the government pays his railroad fare to any part of the country in which he may choose to work, keeps his family free of charge at the immigrant hotel until he has a chance to find a place for them, and teaches them industrial arts while they wait; it stores his possessions without charge for three months and sends them to him upon request, freight prepaid. The immigrant to Argentina who has heard tales of Ellis Island's hard wooden bunks, thin blankets, joint lavatory for men and women, lack of baths, and sickening food, must wonder what manner of country he has come to, that both wants and welcomes him.

ABDUL BAHA, "Servant of the Glory of God," son and successor to Baha Ullah, "the Glory of God," is dead in Haifa, on the coast of Palestine. He was the leader of the Bahaist movement which had its origin in Persia, and for a brief time threatened to disrupt Islam. It is now almost as strong on the shores of Lake Michigan as on those of the Caspian or the Mediterranean. The original Bab was one of the amazing Eastern prophets; he stirred the world before he was 25, and was shot publicly in Tabriz in 1850, before he was 30. Stranger still in the East was the fact that one of his most active apostles was a woman, who, too, was killed by order of the Shah. (The sect in those early days was militant and did not endure persecution passively.) The Bab's first successor was a boy of 20, whose brother, Baha Ullah, father of Abdul Baha, took from him active leadership. For fifty years the Babists and Bahaists have lived in exile—in Bagdad, Cyprus, Constantinople, Adrianople, Acre, Haifa. In his younger days Abdul Baha knew persecution; in his later days he trod less stormy paths. A few years before the war he toured Europe and America, leaving behind memories of his broad, tolerant spirit, his dignity and kindliness. During the war he was reported to be one of General Allenby's trusted advisers. His Western devotees write of him in extravagant terms as "the wisest being who ever walked among men" and "the manifestation of cosmic knowledge." If his own words do not bear out such praise, they reveal a mild and agreeable oriental mysticism, kindly ethics, and a tolerance unusual in one brought up in the bitter religious hatreds of the Near East.

NO finer figure survived the war than Lieutenant Colonel Charles W. Whittlesey. Not only was this reserved and thoughtful lawyer a hero of one of the most dramatic pieces of active fighting, but he was also the first of soldiers to speak of forgiveness and reconciliation with the enemy. His devotion to the men of his command and, indeed, to all American soldiers in the great war, outlasted demobilization. He made their sorrows and difficulties his own until at last his courage faltered under the dreadful burden of past memory and present reality and he took his own life. When John Dos Passos wrote "Three Soldiers" some vexed critics said that his heroes were abnormal types, whose tragic fates were not characteristic of the American army at large. Yet Colonel Whittlesey's death suggests that the experiences of war and army life even yet continue to exact an inexorable toll of sensitive natures who were acclaimed by their compatriots as heroes. Statistics of the effect of the great war upon the soldiers who waged it do not exist, and never will, but there is too much reason to believe that Colonel Whittlesey's suicide was but a belated consequence of the suffering which the war brought to some souls while to others it has been bringing a deterioration of moral fiber. Men have computed the loss in life and property of the great war; they cannot compute that deeper spiritual loss which the death of Colonel Whittlesey so tragically illumines.

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Disarmament Is Not Enough

JAMES SIMPSON, partner with John G. Shedd in complete ownership of the great Chicago house of Marshall Field and Company, returns to America reporting that Europe is in a state of "financial and economic chaos" and that "unless something is done promptly to avert the disaster, which approaches with constantly increasing rapidity, it will spread from one country to another until we are all involved in the maelstrom." John F. Sinclair of Minneapolis bears much the same message. Frank A. Vanderlip, until two years ago president of the largest bank in New York City, returns more convinced than two years ago, when he wrote his gloomy "What Happened in Europe" and was forced out of office for it by then optimistic bank directors, that Europe is sliding downward and needs our help.

We have become hardened by many alarms; we have heard too much of imminent chaos and bolshevism in Europe. With our attention concentrated on politics, we have noted the slackening in the political revolutionary movement, and have neglected more fundamental economic currents. But the spectacular collapse of the German mark this autumn has made financiers gasp. Industry seemed to be booming in Germany; returning travelers were cheerfully reporting that Germany was hard at work and rapidly recovering. Then in three months the German mark dropped from about two cents to a third of a cent. Values were revolutionized overnight. The tumble of the mark meant that imported goods suddenly jumped to six times their former prices. Food and clothing began leaping skyward in price. Wages followed more slowly but as erratically. Some shops were emptied by purchasers mad to spend their marks before prices skyrocketed again, and others were simply looted. Germany, that had seemed the stable factor in Europe, became the least certain.

In the main the fall of the German mark was due to the necessity of printing millions of paper marks with which to purchase foreign gold to meet the reparations payments. But the sudden break was symptomatic of a deeper disease not confined to Germany alone. Europe is one body, and the terrible depreciation of currency is common to all Central and Eastern Europe. The value of the Russian ruble, once worth fifty cents, recently declined overnight from 1/1500 of a cent to 1/2000 of a cent. The Polish mark and the Austrian crown are at about 1/35 of a cent each; and the currencies of Hungary, the Baltic States, and Jugoslavia are also lower than that of Germany. Vienna has just had another outburst of anger against the comfortable hotels and shops for wealthy foreigners. Revolutionary leadership is less evident than a year ago; but conditions have become more revolutionary.

Already the collapse in Germany has shaken British financial experts into proposing a moratorium on German reparations payments, and the French Government appears ready to bargain for what she can get out of the wreckage. The first effect of that proposal was a spectacular recovery of the mark—only less disastrous in its chaotic effect upon production and exchange than the precedent collapse.

Inevitably when the whole question of German reparations is brought up for new discussion the question of allied debts follows it into the closets of statesmen. Political scruples in Washington cannot divorce the two problems. Few of the European countries can ever repay their debts to the United States. England probably can; there is a bare possibility that France might, though at bitter cost to herself and to us; Czecho-Slovakia, Italy, Rumania, and the rest almost certainly cannot. Talk of "refunding" is mere camouflage; it means postponement of the payment of interest, which in turn means increasing the debt still further and making it still more impossible to pay it. Congress and the American people may be fooled by calling cancelation "refunding" or "investment" for a time; but in the long run they will have to face the fact that for a large part of our wartime "loans" the only question is upon what terms they shall be canceled. If by forgiving our debtors we could buy an end of the grosser manifestations not only of British and French militarism but of their underlying imperialism we should have made the finest and most profitable bargain in history. Even as matters stand, it is obvious enough that the existence of these debts is one of Mr. Hughes's strongest arguments—though he refuses to mention it—in urging disarmament.

But disarmament is not enough. It can relieve somewhat the pressure upon governments, but something more is required for the salvation of Europe, something which has not yet even been discussed by statesmen. Since radical programs have very evidently not the kind of support to make them immediately effective, we must look to international action by business men and financiers as the immediate hope of saving Europe from the condition of the Balkans. If these gentlemen are still bound by a system which has been the cause of Europe's ruin and if they cannot plan its permanent cure, they may at least be capable of sufficiently farsighted action to arrest her disease and give time for a growth of other forces which may bring salvation. Shall we be told that business ethics are bad? True, but so far as Europe is concerned, the vision of big business men is keener than that either of the politicians or the so-called middle class. Stinnes's genius fed Austria's factories with coal when long governmental palavers had left them idle. And Europe today seems to have left but two alternatives: to fall into a chaos which would euphemistically be called Bolshevism, out of which might after long misery grow a new society—and salvation by business men. In any such process America would have to share largely; but the American people are suspicious of Europe and of business men. They doubt the probity of big business, and their experience in making war and making peace has let them fall back on a plain refusal to risk more American money in efforts to help Europe muddle through. But that the people can be enlightened as to the economics and human realities of the situation the popularity of Mr. Wells's articles proves. Let America therefore take the lead in calling an international congress, not primarily of politicians but of business men. Let the more enlightened business leaders consult publicly with such Europeans as Ter Meulen, the distinguished Dutch proponent of an international currency, Hugo Stinnes, Walter Rathenau, M. Loucheur, Sir Philip Sassoon, and Mr. Keynes, and discuss their problems under the eyes of all America. The program they could evolve would be far from ideal, but it would be infinitely better than a policy of drift or the scheming of imperialistic diplomats. If they fail, then it will be plain that the fundamentals are wrong and more radical solutions inevitable. In any case international conference and action is the alternative to international ruin.

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More Light on Big Business

ONE cent in every five that New Yorkers pay to ride in the Interborough Subway goes to pay interest on loans. These loans were in large part necessitated because the directors deliberately paid enormous dividends for three years during which they borrowed money for operating expenses, either from banks or from a subsidiary company of their own whose stock they had immorally and perhaps illegally juggled. Another fraction of the fare goes for coal purchased at a higher price than that paid by other transportation companies from a corporation the head of which is one of the Interborough directors. This sort of frenzied finance has cost the city millions in taxes, the public indecent discomfort, and the workers a $2,600,000 reduction in wages part of which was immediately absorbed by bankers in higher interest rates. The directors did not even play fair with the bankers but broke an agreement with J. P. Morgan & Co. to keep dividends under 10 per cent as a condition of a loan. In all this they but followed the tradition of deceit and dishonorable profit which has made fortunes for various magnates at public expense ever since New York first had to deal with the problem of rapid transit. Yet Mr. August Belmont and his fellow-directors are not repentant but defiant. They protest virtue but they will not waive immunity.

If this extraordinary ethical breakdown were characteristic of only one exceptional corporation it would be bad enough, but there is all too much reason to believe that a like passion for profit at the expense of workers or consumers or both is in greater or less degree characteristic of the captain of industry—who like the directors of the Interborough, is often no real captain in a productive army, but only a shrewd juggler of corporation finance.

The railway executives make almost as bad an ethical showing unless the elaborate charges of that competent statistician, Frank J. Warne, before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce can be refuted. His evidence, abounding in detailed statistics and illustrated by numerous charts, cannot be summarized in brief compass, but his contention can be stated. It is this: Statistics show that the railways have misrepresented the situation in arguing that their financial plight is due to under-maintenance by the government during the period of Federal control and operation or to the high cost of labor. Their troubles are of their own creation. Mr. Warne points out that: (1) The roads were not returned by the government in a broken-down condition. On the contrary, they were taken over by the government at a time when railway executives were themselves deploring the evils of "deferred maintenance," and they were returned in "effective operating condition." (2) Government guaranty of operating expenses effective for six months after the return of the roads resulted in enormous increases of expenditure which were decreased as soon as the guaranty was ended though the high wage scale was still in force. (3) Railway executives can and do inflate their expenses, by the amount spent or charged against maintenance; by the amount spent on the purchase of supplies; by the amount spent on damages and claims, and by juggling property investment accounts. Mr. Warne gives concrete illustrations such as the following: "In the single calendar year, 1920, the large sum of more than $122,000,000 was paid by the railroads of the United States in the adjustment of loss and damages to freight transported by these carriers. . . . Just how far spurious or false claims of losses and damages paid by the railroad to certain shippers and amounting in effect to rebates enter into the question is, of course, not known. But this avenue of concealing rebates is common knowledge." During the period of government guaranty, the Pennsylvania Railroad had two hundred of its locomotives repaired by the Baldwin Locomotive Works at an average cost per locomotive of $23,048. At this time the cost in the company's own shops, which were not crowded to capacity, was $6,636. Finally, Mr. Warne claims that "wage increase figures" submitted by the roads are "fallacious or defective in eleven important particulars."

Such are the charges against roads of whose reformation we have been so volubly assured. Unless refuted, they are fresh proof that our financial overlords have robbed us more effectively than all the thieves behind prison bars. Yet they are all honorable men, pillars of churches, trustees of colleges and philanthropic institutions. Like Mr. Belmont they seek to justify themselves as deserving of praise not blame. Are we to deal with this ethical problem merely by Rooseveltian denunciation of "malefactors of great wealth," or does the matter go deeper? Was the American sociologist, Lester F. Ward, right when he said: "Deception may almost be called the foundation of business"? Does the regularity with which every great investigation brings to light financial iniquity merely challenge us to more investigation and more thorough regulation, or does it suggest a moral rottenness in a system whose god is gain not service and whose primary motive is profit not the joy of creation?

Publicity and the Conference

IT was the English "liaison-officer" between the press and the British delegation to the Washington Conference who last week urged his regular morning group of press visitors to have their photographs taken as a body. "The future historian and museum-keeper will wish," he said, "to see the faces of the men who daily reported the happenings at this Conference to four hundred millions of readers." The figure is appalling and becomes none the less so if one considers the mass of misrepresentation and contradiction, of guesswork and supposition, of officially inspired and personally invented opinions, in which are daily buried certain nuggets of news. Were one to be guided wholly by it one would alternate between hope and despair, between prospects of the millennium and the blackness of irreparable world disaster. Were anyone to endeavor for a single week to reconcile the daily reports which fill three and four pages of our metropolitan dailies, he must inevitably wind up in a madhouse. Plainly too much is being given to the readers who must be longing for some simple authoritative column-long story setting forth in brief the actual day by day progress, if any. There is actual danger, as we write, of public interest in the Conference being weakened or killed by over-publicity.

Moreover, when one considers the army of special writers who have been engaged to "cover" the Conference, one wonders what has become of the journalistic unions of whose organizations we used to hear. It is true that these romancers, novelists male and female, poets, ex-diplomats, ex-statesmen, college professors, etc., who are earning fabulous sums in telling how the Conference strikes them,

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cannot be exactly classified as "scabs." But they have no union cards and they are so clearly degrading the journalistic profession by trying to prove that anybody can be a world-conference correspondent, if they are not actually taking the bread out of the mouths of hardworking professionals with babies to feed, that we had looked ere this for the threat of a strike, or at least a mass-meeting of protest on the White House ellipse. Some of them, like Mr. Bryan, have violated all the ethics of journalism by rising in their seats and emitting whoops of joy. The diplomats, except Mr. Hughes, have run true to form. Why not the journalists?

Seriously, overdone as has been the daily résumé of Greek, Turkish, French, English, Dutch, Japanese, and Belgian opinion of the progress of the game, this very publicity seems to us the true safeguard of the Conference. At Paris there was a censorship—although the French denied it. Here there is not even a reading of the dispatches by government officials. That in itself is a gain, and the result of it all is that we cannot at this writing see how any single delegation could possibly afford to walk out of the Conference, except perhaps the embattled Chinese who do not know whom to trust unless it be ourselves. Despite the daily ups and downs of optimism and pessimism, despite the slowness of it all and the circumlocutions of the diplomats and their experts, despite all the talking behind closed doors in committee-rooms, the Conference is meeting in the fiercest glare of publicity that ever beat upon any similar gathering. Not all of the four hundred millions are reading much of what is going on; the superfluity of news here in New York is greatly increasing the membership of that prosperous Society for Reading Only Headlines to which so many of our "best citizens" belong. But the delegates are aware, if we judge aright, that far more people are reading intelligently than ever followed such a conference before—probably ten thousand times more than tried to follow the proceedings of the Congress of Vienna. Therein lies hope.

So great do we believe to be the educational results to follow from this wide reading that we shall not despair even if the Conference should break up without any agreement. We would not be foolishly optimistic, nor are we blind to the fact that up to this writing no attention whatever has been given to the outlawing of war, nor even to the outlawing of the worst instruments of war; that those who say this is merely a conference to reduce the cost of war have much on their side. But what organization or organizations could have purchased such publicity for moves toward disarmament? What government could readily or easily pay the millions upon millions necessary were a similar educational experiment to be undertaken by paid advertising? The masses are being stirred by it. Congress is flooded with letters demanding real disarmament. The revolt of the Japanese journalists was in itself the result of publicity, or, perhaps better, the fear of adverse publicity. At Portsmouth the Japanese delegation would see no reporters and give no news; this time they vie with the Occidentals in seeking to aid the press. Already public opinion has forced a consideration of Shantung which was upon no official agenda. True, this consideration is outside of the Conference. But the result is to be reported to it and the discussion is an important by-product. Finally, the truer picture the American press and public have gained of the French dog-in-the-manger policy may yet prove to be worth the cost of the whole undertaking.

The Isle of Actuaries

ONE of the most singular excursions we ever made was to the Isle of Actuaries, which lies, so far as we can remember, somewhere off the coast of Probability very near Insurance Headland. News of the island had come to us with a pleased surprise from an honest actuary who is rather sensitive to the suspicion that his profession after all may not be very sympathetic or imaginative. In that island, he informed us, are gathered all the persons who have paid insurance premiums up to the age of ninety-five, after which they are excused from further payments by their companies and receive the total sum of their insurance quite as if they had earned it by dying. But this easy money, instead of going to their beneficiaries, goes to the insured themselves, who henceforth sit back and comfortably watch the world go by without a pang or a responsibility. The actuaries who deserve the credit for this benevolent provision have done more than to prove that the insurance companies do not need the premiums of persons past ninety-five: they have established a cheerful haven for them on a green island in a warm gulf and have invited them to spend their money there.

We must not deny that there are some controversies to mar the exquisite serenity we had expected to find on the island. For instance, one polemic nonogenarian whispered in our ears that there might be a revolution almost any day, and he didn't greatly care if it did come.

"Why, these actuaries," he hissed, "aren't benefactors. They're only lazy. I know why they cut us off the list when we got to be ninety-five. They didn't want to carry us on their mortality tables any more. They were afraid we'd throw their calculations out of joint. They got tired of figuring. So they said we might as well be dead and counted us dead. What's the compliment in that, I'd like to know!"

And a recalcitrant companion joined him in his hissing. "Any way, who gets our money? Here the companies coax us to this island and then let us pay board. They have the only stores in the whole place. Of course all the money goes back to where it came from. And our poor beneficiaries——"

But we saw only a little of this repining spirit. For the most part the nonogenarians assembled on the Isle of Actuaries were the blithest fellows we have ever met. Consider their condition and their occasions for rejoicing. Whenever one of them comes to the day of the year on which his premium used to fall due he snaps his finger at the whole world; consequently the island resounds night and day with the jocund din of celebrations. While we were there some of the inhabitants were burning insurance collectors in effigy; some were spending the day in laughter at the joke on their heirs who had expected something very different; some were writing recipes for longevity to send to their younger friends who hoped some day to reach the island; some merely sat in the cool shade and piped and sang for joy.

"What I like about it," said one of them, "is that this island proves you can get almost anything if you work and wait long enough for it."

"It proves," said another, "that sometimes a man single-handed can beat the game."

And another: "It proves that it is possible sometimes to eat your cake and keep it too."

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If You Would Not Perish

By ANATOLE FRANCE

H. G. WELLS (if it was not Swift returned to earth) records that a decade or so ago some of the inhabitants of our planet landed on the moon and talked to the Grand Lunar who rules the Selenites. This personage seemed not at all devoid of common sense; he asked the travelers how the terrestrials were getting on and what was their form of government. "They are," one of the travelers replied, "divided into independent states, some big, some little, and all inspired by an ardent patriotism, which is the ruling passion of the terrestrials." "Did you not say," asked the Grand Lunar, "that these states are independent of each other? Then what tribunal judges their disputes?" "There is none," answered the terrestrial; "the pride of the states would not suffer it. When one of them thinks itself wronged or offended, it takes to arms to defend its rights or avenge its honor."

On hearing this reply, the Grand Lunar looked at the terrestrials with surprise mixed with horror and, without saying another word to them, he had them locked up as the most dangerous kind of fools.

And in fact long reflection is hardly necessary to divine the results of such a system. We see them, these effects, and we do not seem to be worried about them. As far back as our knowledge reaches, the ancient civilizations which have evolved upon the earth, in Asia, in Africa, in Europe, lived on war and died of it; we may predict that present-day civilization will meet the same fate. And we are doing nothing to avert the end to which all mankind is destined.

The League of Nations, formed after the most terrible of wars, neither can nor will assure peace. It was not made for that—it was created without wealth, without power, without independence. It is intended rather to maintain the spirit of war. It is like the states which made it, and they are warlike. A peaceful league of nations is for the present impossible. War has determined the form, the mind, and the functions of the nations. They believe only in war, and their hopes are determined by war. A peaceful league of nations would not be a league of nations.

The Conference to which the President of the United States has convoked some of the Powers of Europe and of Asia, and which includes limitation of armaments in its program, cannot change the world. It has not yet opened as I write; but one need not be a magician to predict its outcome.

The nations of the two worlds would rival each other in indignantly repulsing the idea of submitting all their differences to arbitration if by an impossible chance this idea were submitted to them. European civilization has always been military. The feudal state trusted its rights only to the sword. The conquest of democracy in France and neighboring countries vastly swelled the military spirit, which became a religion. The forward steps of industry create new excuses for the use of guns and cannon. Manufacturers and business men in the great countries urge war in order to become richer, and when they get it they prolong it indefinitely in order also to prolong their profits. The workers whose wages they raise are satisfied. The generals win honor and profit from their campaigns. And as to the soldiers, they are easily made to believe that they are fighting for the fatherland. The business men, not satisfied with delaying as much as possible the peace that ends profits, arrange with the politicians to make war again when peace has been concluded. Thus England conquered Mesopotamia and occupied Constantinople after the end of hostilities. Thus France occupied Syria and by proxy undertook expeditions against Soviet Russia which were rich in disasters for the aggressor.

When the entire planet is prey to such folly how can one believe it possible to establish a tribunal, a force for harmony among the amphictyons? It is impossible.

Impossible now—but always? Things have happened in recent years which may bring the greatest changes in the ideas and habits of the Old World. War, which sometimes wins riches for the peoples, finally brings ruin and death too. There are plenty of examples in history. We shall see new ones which will touch us more closely. It is not impossible that the long conflagration which has desolated Europe, and the peace which followed the war and was only its prolongation, have struck the old civilization of Europe more cruel blows than our ignorance and frivolity believed. We begin to suspect the depth of the evil. England, the great merchant, while extending her plant, is suffering a decline in her commerce and an unemployment crisis, and the end is still unseen. Germany, forced toward bankruptcy, drags France to ruin with her—France, staggering under 325 billions of debt. Italy is suffering, Russia is dying of hunger, Austria is dead. Even the United States is surprised to see its affairs growing worse. Throughout the world the nations are torn out of their ambitious dreams by an unknown disease. The great and terrible lesson is not yet understood. But the time will come when it will make itself understood. Newspaper lies and the false words of statesmen will not always stifle the terrible voice which is already crying throughout the world: Europe is dying; the war has killed her.

The people will finally understand, and if they do not wish to perish, they will have to unite and, abandoning their pride and avarice, submit to the decisions of a tribunal of peace.

Contributors to This Issue

ANATOLE FRANCE, member of the French Academy and recipient recently of the Nobel Prize in literature, is a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

BERTRAND RUSSELL, English mathematician, philosopher, and economist, had two notable articles on Soviet Russia in *The Nation* in the summer of 1920.

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A Conference Cursed by Nationality

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Washington, December 4

"THE spirit of nationality rages like a pestilence; it is the curse of Europe," wrote Lord Hugh Cecil recently to the London *Times*. We have had a pestilence of nationality in the progress of the Washington Conference this week. Not that I would have *The Nation's* readers believe all that the headlines announce. This is one of the hardest gatherings imaginable to report. It began on an extremely high and exciting note which could not be held long, and with the best will in the world the men who are here to send out news every day find themselves hard put to it to fill the space assigned to them. "Shall we be pessimistic or optimistic today?" was the question, both naive and despairing, put to Secretary Hughes on Thursday by one of the fraternity whose earnestness and zeal for duty could not be questioned. There have been days when the news was neither optimistic nor pessimistic, when everybody was marking time, yet the spirit of nationality overshadowed everything. Nowhere an attempt to deal with an issue solely from the point of view of the interest of the world as a whole, or even of that of the masses here directly represented—only a nationally inspired desire to examine every proposal from the narrowly selfish point of view and to squeeze out of it all possible advantage by interpretation or bargaining. This is the reply to Mr. Harding's appeal for the nations here represented to do jointly what he said they could not do individually!

Japan has been individually striving to see just how much she could get by bargaining. Her acceptance of the Hughes battleship ratio has been a foregone conclusion. Should the Japanese bolt the opinion of the entire Allied world would be solidified against her. I am not overlooking that there is much meat in some of her contentions. Her delegates would be justified in seeking to get the United States to abandon its senseless fortifications in the Philippines and Hawaii and to announce publicly that it had no desire to fortify Guam. Those Pacific fortifications are aimed only at Japan and it would be a noble and stimulating act on our part, one worthy of Mr. Hughes's opening, to make this gesture. It is also quite within the right of Japan to seek to bargain as best she may for things she wants in China in return for her adhesion to the Hughes ratio. But does it really pay to come into such a Conference to bargain in that spirit? When I think how Japan could all but have dominated the Conference had she immediately accepted the Hughes proposal, how she could have put Great Britain in third place here, how she could have won paeans of praise from every honest section of the American press and a glorious amount of our good-will, it does seem to me that the Japanese have strained at a gnat to swallow a camel, that no amount of gain in Manchuria or profit in Shantung could compensate for the wonderful opportunity lost.

That there are liberal Japanese here who realize this and bemoan it despite the appeal made by their fellow Japanese to them to show an undivided front, I have already pointed out in this correspondence. But the curse of nationality is upon the heads of their delegates. They are thinking only of more lands to occupy, not of humanity; they are lusting for the iron and coal mines of China, forgetful or unknowing that vastly more worth while than all those mines are international good-will and the kindly opinion of mankind. By this time they should realize, too, that bargains of the Shantung kind in Paris net incalculably large dividends of ill-will and get Japan nowhere, for they settle nothing.

Some of my Chinese friends here are alarmingly distressed and excited at the prospect that the beginning of direct negotiations with Japan over Shantung means that some kind of a hateful bargain will be struck, perhaps before these lines reach their public. Well, if it is struck, it won't settle anything. The progress of events since Versailles proves that any such bargain will be as writ in water if the Chinese people decline to accept it, and continue to agitate. Where is there a remotely similar problem solved today? India, Egypt, Spanish Morocco, Tripoli? Nowhere; this is not the day for imposing one's will on anybody else or occupying other people's lands to impose one's will for the sake of access to minerals or oil. The movement for the independence of the Philippines isn't going to stop because Cameron Forbes and Leonard Wood have solemnly wagged their heads and revealed to the world the fact that their well made-up minds are still well made up and that therefore they think that the Filipinos are not quite ready to go it alone. In cases of this kind there is afoot a newly awakening race consciousness, or spirit of nationality if you please, which to my mind is of the profoundest significance and value. As the individual, the world over, is being taught that complete self-expression is the highest aim, so these struggling groups are likewise seeking to obtain their highest group self-expression. The only question is how, when nationality is achieved, it can be guided in the right paths to respect the rights of all others. The answer is certainly that we cannot expect it to follow them unless the great nations who so doubt the capacity for self-government of the struggling ones can themselves set a just and honorable example, can refrain from themselves exploiting Haiti, Santo Domingo, India, and Korea and Egypt and Tripoli and all the rest now enslaved.

I for one cannot be alarmed, even by the unpleasant phases of nationality we are witnessing here, as my British friends are by thoughts that if England has to give up India, Japan will take it. There are immutable forces at work here that so far transcend the daily give and take, the daily setting afloat of *ballons d'essai*, the daily intriguing for position that I find it hard to become interested in our hourly crop of rumors. Bargains we may see. There are indications that this next week while this issue of *The Nation* is being printed and distributed some of the largest issues may be settled in regular ten-cent-store style; but those bargains if they are not imbedded in ethics and founded upon right and justice will be as fleeting as the Treaty of Versailles, which Mr. Vanderlip has now finally come to characterize, in the manner of Gladstone, as the worst document ever struck off by a group of human beings at a given time. Perhaps I am all wrong about it, but I look upon this whole scene here in Washington as one of the dying flurries of the old system. These diplomats are so dull, so clumsy, and so small, so lacking in vision, so

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delightfully content with their achievements even when as Lilliputian as those of M. Briand, so totally unconscious that they are being driven along upon vast economic tides, by the pulsing of dynamic forces under the surface, that I cannot get angry, nor waste a second on pessimism, nor say, I told you so, nor prophesy an evil ending for the Conference.

It is so well to have this play in the open—the bargaining underneath is surprising and deceiving nobody—while the real game, such as this clear-cut photographing on millions of retinas of the extraordinary limitations of the Katos and Balfours, yes, even the Hugheses, is so great that it is all to the good to have it staged and the play go on. Even if this last week's dull scenes are followed by disappointment and tragedies, Mr. Harding may still be pleased that he has peopled the stage.

One poignant regret I have with me all the time. It is due to the absence of the only Government that has been truly enlightened in its foreign relations in the East in the last three years—I mean the Russian, of course—the Russia of Lenin, which voluntarily gave up its special rights and privileges in Persia and in China, drove the English out of Persia, and then voluntarily signed a treaty renouncing all the Czar's policy of force, pledging the Soviets' purpose "to see the Persian people independent, flourishing, and freely controlling the whole of its possessions," to bind which Lenin turned over free of charge to the Persians all the enormously costly Russian Government property in Persia. I cannot conceive of a diplomat or statesman here generous enough to present to another country a telegraph line free of charge as the Russian Government is today doing for Afghanistan. How it would clear the air here to have messengers from Lenin present—whatever one may think of his communism, or his bloody executions, or the modification of his principles, or the absence of democracy in his government—to put these little diplomats, so cursed with their nationality, to their trumps by dealing with the questions of armaments and the Far East like plain, common-sense men actuated by the ordinary moralities and a most extraordinary desire to do unto others as one would be done by. Plainly what is wrong here is the absence of a genuine Christian spirit.

Versailles, 1919—Washington, 1921

By NATHANIEL PEFFER

Washington, December 4

IF I were the Chinese delegation today I should continue smiling, making optimistic statements to the press, and working unremittingly for every diplomatic advantage—and also pack my trunks. I should be prepared at any time in the next week to leave my cards on my fellow-delegates and board the first train for San Francisco and there the first ship for Shanghai.

So long as one can cling to the hope that is built on the personality of Charles Evans Hughes, one moderates a little one's pessimism; but, looking at the Conference as it stands today, one can only say that it is on the road whose ending is Versailles. For China it came to a close yesterday. To China yesterday's performance by Messrs. Viviani, Balfour, and Hanihara was notification that the Bourbons of the Occident have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. As for these many decades past, so now the Powers those men represent garlanded China with wreaths of sounding generalities and kept their clutch at its throat. So for China, then, there may be left no other course than to respond that it may be due for throttling but it will keep its self-respect and not stay to make mock gala of the grim process.

More important than China's future—if the Conference was ever seriously intended as an effort to bring about a reordering of the Far East and end the condition that makes of China breeding-ground for wars, then the Conference has failed. The performance of yesterday was notification to the world that the Powers do not intend to end that condition.

Sum up the Conference as far as it has gone—I am not now considering its efforts for naval limitation. It has made conditional promise to give China a higher tariff, possibly even to let it fix its own tariff in the future. It has promised to remove—in time—the foreign post offices on Chinese soil. It has promised to investigate the possibilities of eventually relinquishing the right of extraterritoriality, which was promised also twenty years ago. Trifles, all of these, costing the Powers little and benefiting China scarcely more.

Yesterday the Conference came to issues that are vital. And one by one the spokesmen of the Powers arose and announced that they did not intend to touch those issues. True, France offered to give up Kwangchouwan, a small port of little value since it has the enormous tract of Indo-China nearby. And Great Britain offered to give up Wei-hai-wei, a naval station which has cost more to maintain than it is worth and which the British had intended to give up anyway; and simultaneously it has declared its intention of holding in perpetuity the territory known as Kowloon, which commands the whole Southern hinterland. And Japan offered to bargain with China about what it would give up in Shantung—while simultaneously insisting in the secret negotiations with China that it give up nothing—and announced that in South Manchuria it would recede not an inch; in other words, that it will hold to the letter of the iniquitous Twenty-one Demands.

In short, the Powers have come to Washington drawn by the menace to peace created by their past iniquities in the Far East. To lay that menace, therefore, they will make ambiguous and abstract promises; not perpetrate new iniquities but cling to the fruits of the iniquities that have created the menace and will constitute a menace as long as they remain undone. By so much they desire peace, and by so much is the world advanced toward peace. And now it is proposed to sanctify the whole cynical procedure by an exchange of treaties which may or may not be interpreted as a new and more sinister alliance. Do I exaggerate then if I say it is a second Versailles? What else than a fiasco and a hoax to befool a world longing for surcease of slaughter?

If this is the last word—and there is no reason to expect eleventh-hour conversion after the months which the Powers have had to prepare themselves for repentance here—if this

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is the last word, for what else need the Chinese delegates wait?

Remember—to stay and give ratification to these sordid transactions means that in exchange for the sops flung at China they give legal and formal recognition to all those injustices that exist by virtue of *force majeure*. Of these Manchuria is an outstanding example. Japan has Manchuria now and intends to keep it. And nothing the Chinese can do can wrest it from Japan. But they will be no worse off if they refuse to recognize Japan's right to it. They will not at least have foreclosed on the future. The issue then that the Conference now presents to the Chinese is this: Shall they, in exchange for the future withdrawal of foreign post offices, the remotely distant relinquishment of extraterritoriality, the conditional grant of a higher tariff, and the conditional retrocession of two little bits of soil, shall they sign away legal claim to that which means national sovereignty? I do not see why they should. I do not see why they should not decide to remain as long as the door is open to hope, but pack their trunks. If this is all that the Conference means to them, they can lose nothing by leaving. To the contrary, they will strengthen their case morally before the world, exactly as they did by refusing to sign the Treaty of Versailles.

In method as well as results there is the parallel here with Versailles. For the tactics which step by step have maneuvered the Chinese into their present unfavorable position, a defensive position from which they have to repel assaults rather than make the moral offensive which should have been theirs from the beginning, the American delegation is responsible. The Chinese laid down their ten general principles—ten demands, in effect. They desired to follow them up with concrete applications of those ten principles, to get their whole case before the world, the whole indictment of the record of the Powers, the whole bill of indemnification by the world, by payment of which alone can there be a foundation of peace. They were restrained by American advice. They were cautioned to go slowly, to follow the safe and sane course of the agenda, to begin with minor questions and lead up to the big ones; not to make the dramatic flourish and take advantage of the inspiriting world atmosphere that resulted from Mr. Hughes's great beginning. They were restrained from Mr. Hughes's own successful tactics. They desired to precipitate the Shantung issue directly and openly, to make it a world issue with a world appeal. Again they were restrained by American advice, cautioned to follow the safe and sane course, to slide Shantung into the Conference by the darkened back door of separate negotiations. They were adjured to "trust to America"—as at Paris. They did so—as at Paris. And now it seems—as at Paris. And I can picture to myself Woodrow Wilson sitting secluded in his Sixteenth Street home smiling grimly and with satisfaction. With Versailles his enemies confounded him; unto them it is returning for their confounding.

One consolation there is. Naval reduction there probably will be at any rate. The causes that lead to war remain untouched, but if it comes to that, we shall at least have circumscribed the possibilities of slaughter.

The Diary of Sir Roger Casement*

Last week's instalment of the Diary closed by telling how Sir Roger's confidential man, Adler Christensen, returned to the hotel in Christiania and threw down some money which he said had been given to him at the British Legation. The Diary itself does not tell more of this incident, but it is set forth in detail below from memoranda written by Sir Roger late in 1914 and early in 1915.

CHAPTER III

THE story, in brief, was this: When Adler had had his breakfast after leaving me about 9 a. m., he had been in the large hall of the hotel, when a stranger brushed against him and said quickly: "Go to the telephone booth and call up No. 11460 and you will hear something good."

Adler did as directed, but before ringing up 11460 he requested the Central Office of the Telephone—a government department—to "listen to the following conversation." He then called up the number given and was told in answer: "Take a taxicab and come up to 79 Drammensveien."

This he did, and noted the number of the taxicab for future reference: viz., No. 0.4085.

On reaching the Legation he was shown up by the servant and by a "gentleman with gray hair" whom he believed to be the Secretary to the same room where the previous day's interview had taken place. Here he found a new gentleman —"a very tall man, clean-shaven except for a short grayish mustache, with his hair brushed back straight, and dressed in a tweed suit."

This gentleman at once began proceedings by announcing "I am the British Minister" and locking the door. He instantly plunged in *medias res*, and unfolded his intentions toward myself with a boldness that, as Adler said, quite won his admiration—but not his sympathy. He began by telling my man he knew all about him and me. "You are Adler Christensen, from Moss, and you sent a telegram from Christiansand to your father, and yesterday you sent a cablegram from your friend Mr. —— to New York; now I want the original of that cablegram to have his handwriting."

He went on to say that he knew all about me; that I was "Sir Roger" and that I was going to Germany, he was sure, to conspire with the Germans about Ireland. He said the Irish had rebelled before but "Did he tell you they ever succeeded?" "They will not succeed this time either. He is going to be fooled by the Germans; they don't care anything about Ireland and only want to make trouble for England." This and more, in an extreme frankness and boldness.

Adler made no protest when my right name was mentioned and as the Minister proceeded he appeared to be influenced by his argument and to sympathize with the Minister's point of view as between England and Germany. After this dissertation on the state of Ireland, past and present, Mr. Findlay [Sir Mansfeldt de Cardonnel Findlay] came to the point, on the clear assumption that the man before him was a mercenary ruffian who would carry out his wishes for a suitable reward. He said he wished greatly to stop my getting to Germany and suggested it might be managed.

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Adler said I had been "very good" to him and had "befriended him when in trouble" and that I "trusted him implicitly." Mr. Findlay met this by pointing out that I was entirely defenseless in Norway, with no friends to appeal to and no government to raise inquiry if I "disappeared." "He cannot claim to be Mr. ——, because his papers are false and the true Mr. —— is in New York. The American Legation cannot intervene, because he doesn't belong to them; the German Minister dare not; and we should protect and help whoever got him for us." He then *suggested* my being made away with in a cold-blooded hint on which Adler Christensen is quite clear. The Minister did not say to Adler, "You do it," but suggested what he wanted thus: He said, "I suppose you would not mind having an easy time all the rest of your life, with nothing to do? Well now, this man could be got out of the way, and no one will know. If *some one* knocked him on the head he would get well paid for it."

Adler protested that whoever did that would get into trouble and pay the penalty, but Mr. Findlay pointed out that there could be no inquiry, as "no one would disappear." Sir Roger was not in Norway—and "Mr. —— was in New York." He went on to say that anything done to me would be very well paid for indeed—and that I might be "got hold of" and handed over to the British Government. He terminated the interview, of which the foregoing is only a compressed synopsis, by giving Adler twenty-five kronen in notes, "for your taxicab fares," and telling him to think it all over and "if you agree, come here at three o'clock this afternoon."

I reported this colloquy to Count v. Oberndorff when he and Mr. Hilmers (joined later by Mr. Richard Meyer, who had just arrived as a "fireman" from Baltimore) called at the hotel to see me. I determined that my man should return at 3 o'clock to the British Minister to hear the end of the story, so that I might be made fully aware of the completed plans of the excellent British representative.

After concluding all arrangements for my departure that evening, I bade Count v. Oberndorff goodby. It was arranged that Mr. Hilmers and some friends should "see" me safely from the hotel to the station where I would join Mr. Meyer on his way to Berlin (at 2:45 p. m.), without themselves being seen in my company. I sent Adler back to 79 Drammensveien after having coached him in the part he was to play. As the man put it himself: "Oh! I can pretend to be as big a blackguard as himself!" Had Mr. Findlay heard the full definition of himself given to me by this Norwegian sailor boy I wonder what his greeting of Adler Christensen would have been!

I waited in some anxiety I must admit. I was exposing this young man, whose life since he was a little boy of twelve had been one of great hardship, to a very great temptation. I knew that, and told him so. I assured him that the British Government would indeed pay a big price for me and that he "could sell me dear." His role was to pretend that, having considered the Minister's offer, he was prepared to fall in with his schemes and betray me in return for an ample reward. The price was to be a high one; otherwise the enemy might suspect his compliance was assumed.

Adler was to explain to the Minister that I had booked for Copenhagen in that evening's train, and that it was my intention to stay there some days, he thought. I was going to leave him at Moss with his parents; but if he and the Minister came to terms he would urge me to take him on with me and as "I liked him and trusted him so much" he was sure, if he begged me, I would do this. Then he would be able to carry out whatever plan against me the Minister proposed. Such was the instruction given him as he went off to his third visit to the British Legation. He took a taxicab, whose number was 0.1525 and as a precaution for further reference he told the car to wait outside for him. (He paid the driver seven kronen.) He was at once shown up to the same room, where Mr. Findlay was employed in calling someone up on the telephone. The Minister explained he was getting an address he needed for possible correspondence with Adler.

The interview that followed was a lengthy one, for it was nearly five o'clock when Adler returned to my room in the hotel. I had meantime got my sleeping-car ticket for Copenhagen and had given the hotel people my address in Copenhagen as the Hotel Bristol. I had grown more than anxious at the long delay, for I had told Adler to come back quickly; and as five o'clock approached I began to fear either that he had succumbed to an overwhelming temptation, or, more likely, that the Minister was going to keep him locked up, and try some project against me when I should be deprived of my faithful man and ignorant of the nature of the attempt. I accordingly wrote a brief note for v. Oberndorff, which I proposed giving at the station to Mr. Hilmers, in which I explained that my man had gone to the Legation at 3 o'clock and that, as he had not returned before I left, I was in fear that something was wrong and requested that the man's father at Moss and the Christiania police might be informed.

Just as I was going to leave my room to descend to the hall, Adler returned and handed me a hundred-kronen Norwegian note, the "first proceeds" of his new role of assassin extraordinary to the British Envoy Extraordinary. He told his story quickly; I can do no more than give the heads of it here. From the first the two appeared to understand each other. Adler said he showed plainly that he was a blackguard himself and took the Minister at the same valuation. The interview should have been historic. The young Norwegian behaved even insolently—smoked his pipe, kept his hands in his pockets, held profane language, and nearly quarreled with his patron. At one point they reached such high words that Mr. Findlay said: "What is to prevent my keeping you here, and not letting you out?" To which the Norwegian said with a laugh: "That should do you no good, because you can't find anything on me."

The understanding arrived at was that Adler was to remain in my service and do his best to get me decoyed to some place "anywhere on the Skagerrak or North Sea" where I might be captured by British men-of-war. These, if advice were given beforehand, would rush in to the spot indicated and take me "by force"! Adler was also to try to get my letters, find out with whom I corresponded, especially in Ireland, "so that they may be arrested," and in general keep the Minister apprised of my plans, movements, and aims—but above all he was to try and get me, in person, handed over to them, and as much "proof" as possible against me and my Irish associates. For this service—the day I was "procured" in body and delivered to the British—Mr. Findlay guaranteed to Adler "on my honor" the sum of £5,000 sterling. This amount he promised faithfully, adding that he would telegraph that day to London to know what further sum "my Government" would offer. To Adler's requests for assurances as to the sum and its being surely

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paid him, the Minister said: "You must trust me and my word of honor." It was then they had come to high words and Adler had carried out his part of the encounter with much satisfaction. Finally the bargain was struck and Mr. Findlay, taking a sheet of a Legation writing paper, tore off the printed address at the top and wrote in printed characters, "so as to hide his handwriting:" "Herr Sigvitg Sigvwitg, Meyersgate 78," the name and address of the person in Christiania to whom Adler was to report progress. This paper he handed to Adler with an explanation of how the correspondence was to be conducted. Adler was to write an apparently harmless letter about anything at all, of which only every fourth word counted in the real message intended.

Finally he gave him the hundred-kronen note, saying: "Up to this you have done nothing and told me nothing. This is all the money I have on me." Adler had referred contemptuously to this "five dollar bill" (with an epithet!) and had pointed out that he wanted "good money" and must be paid in sums in advance—as he needed money and wanted to "enjoy himself." Thus they had parted. My mind at rest I went to the station, seeing the friendly eye of Mr. Hilmers in the hotel hall; and on the station platform that gentleman with a body of sturdy "friends" seeing Mr. Meyer off. Adler booked for Copenhagen. It was arranged that at Engelholm Junction where our train was due at 5:40 a. m. I should leave the Copenhagen section, and change into the Sassnitz section, alongside Mr. Meyer. This was done. I believe that a man from the British Legation, in the belief that I was going to Copenhagen, had taken passage in the same train. If so, he found out only in the morning, either at Helsingborg or across the Sound, the change of plan; and I was then well on the way to Traelleborg. We reached Berlin that evening at 7:30.

[At this point the Diary is resumed.]

Berlin, 31 October, 1914

Meyer had intended to take me to the Palast Hotel—near the Foreign Office—but on ordering the taxi-driver to go there, the man looked at him amazed and said it had been closed since the beginning of the war; so we were driven instead to the Continental where Meyer got rooms for me under the name of "Mr. Hammond." I had decided to bury Mr. —— on the shores of the Baltic after we had traversed the customs inspection there. The management were impressed by Meyer and were all bows and smiles—and so I was duly registered as "Mr. Hammond of New York," and they were told they would be responsible to the German Foreign Office if anything unpleasant occurred to me.

Meyer soon left me for the Foreign Office to report our arrival and to arrange for me to see some of them tomorrow. He begged me not to go out, or let Adler out, until the police had been advised—as English-speaking men, without papers, etc., and unknown to the police, would surely get into trouble. So we both stayed in the hotel, and I had a quiet and lonely dinner in the restaurant.

At last in Berlin! The journey done—the effort perhaps only begun! Shall I succeed? Will they see the great cause aright and understand all it may mean to them, no less than to Ireland? Tomorrow will show the beginning.

1 November, 1914

The hotel is comfortable and quiet. Very few guests. When I came down to luncheon a man at a table near, hearing my order given in English, glared stealthily and then got up and went out. I knew by instinct he had gone to the office to ask about the visitor who spoke English. Presently he returned and resumed his meal; but when I had done mine, he stood up and came over and stood beside me. So I said "Good day" in English and he pointed out a great portrait of the Emperor and two other pictures, and walked me round to see them. As his English was not much more vigorous than my German, we soon bowed and parted.

I did not go out all day. Meyer called twice, to report progress. No one at the Foreign Office at first. The Chancellor, von Bethmann-Hollweg, and the Secretary of State, von Jagow, both with the Emperor at the French Front—at Charleville, I gathered later. At the Foreign Office only the Under Secretary of State, Zimmermann, and the Staff. The second visit of Meyer, in the evening, was to tell me that I should be received by the Under Secretary on Monday morning at 11:30; and that meantime they had discussed the Christiania incident and he had shown them the document and the kronen notes and explained the attempt on me; and that they would like to hear more of it also. Anyhow he showed me plainly I was a welcome guest, and I felt as easy in mind as it is possible to be in so strange a position. Here I am in the heart of the enemy's country—a state guest and almost a state prisoner.

[*To be continued.*]

Ireland: Invocation

By KATHRYN WHITE RYAN

On your keening waters like gray eyes tear-misted,
On your green fields that harvest the ruins of castles broken, rook-haunted,
On your thatched roofs pierced by steel rains of misfortune,
Let there be peace,
Ireland!

By the centuries like furled unflung banners that wrapped you in sorrows,
By your broad-shouldered sons and they ever stooping to enter the black holds of ships,
By your strong-limbed tall daughters and they ever waving farewell and turning back to the hovel,
Let there be peace,
Ireland!

By the green of your sterile hilltops and the green of your tired hedges trailing the empty highways,
By your whimsies that glint above heartache like butterflies over dead bodies,
By the story that wings from the sound of the names Thurles, Ballynarra, Listowel,
Let there be peace,
Ireland!

By the past and the strange miscasting that made you a hater,
By the present filled with a crying and no one to tell if a nation is born or is dying,
By the future—if lost to be chill with abasement, if won to be sad with attainment—
O let there be peace,
Ireland!

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Modern China—I. The Feast and the Eclipse*

By BERTRAND RUSSELL

CHINA is traditionally a land of leisure, but the visiting foreigner must not hope for any personal experience of this side of Chinese life. The busiest thirty hours I ever spent in my life were spent in Chang-sha, a city which is reached by traveling up the Yiangtse for three or four days from Shanghai to Hankow, and then going south for another day across a vast lake. (In spite of its remoteness it is a Treaty Port.) When I arrived in Chang-sha, there was an educational congress in session, at which all kinds of people lectured on all kinds of subjects. During my thirty hours I gave four lectures and two after-dinner speeches, and attended a great reception at the American hospital. My lectures, which were on Russia, displeased the students by being somewhat critical of the Bolsheviks, whom almost all Chinese students passionately admire. I spent the night (in a Chinese hotel) as Saint Paul spent his time in Ephesus, fighting with wild beasts. So on the whole my impression of Chang-sha was lacking in Oriental calm.

The proceedings ended with a great feast given by the Tuchun, the military governor of the Province of Hunan. Most Tuchuns are wicked; indeed they are the chief internal source of trouble in China. They intercept the provincial revenue and spend it on raising private armies; they indulge in war, one against another; and they practice depredations in the style of Verres. A British missionary, for many years resident at Chang-sha, assured me that the predecessor of our host had, in two years, amassed a fortune of thirty million dollars, partly by downright robbery and partly by debasing the currency in his province. At the end of that time he had fled from popular vengeance, with his plunder, to Japan, where, I gathered, he is living happily ever afterwards. An Englishman not accustomed to China might expect to find, in consequence of this worthy's activities, such scenes of desolation as are now to be seen in Eastern Europe, but he would be agreeably disappointed. The city seemed prosperous, and its inhabitants seemed happy; to a superficial eye, there was nothing to show the harm that had been done. Chinese scoundrels have still much to learn from the West as regards efficiency in evil, and it was clear that the absconding Tuchun had done far less harm than is done by the "honest" governments of the Great Powers. The Chinese Government does some harm to its own people, but none to anybody else; from an international point of view, it is the best government in the world, because it is the most inefficient.

However, the Tuchun who was our host was an exception to the general rule, being perfectly virtuous and a great friend of education. (He fell a few weeks after my visit.) The guests were received in one vast hall, and banqueted in another. The food was European; there was an endless succession of courses and an infinite variety of wines. Our host, through an interpreter, apologized to me for the frugal fare he was offering in his humble abode, but said he thought we would rather have a glimpse of every-day Chinese life than be treated to a display of pomp and splendor. I tried to remember quickly all I had read of Chinese etiquette, and mumbled something about my pigship being honored that His Magnificence should deign to notice me; but I fear I was not very adequate.

If the Tuchun displayed something of traditional Chinese manners, the after-dinner speeches differed from those of Europe in the opposite direction, by being free from make-believe and humor, very serious and very business-like. Professor Dewey spoke of Chinese education and of the lines along which it should progress; Mrs. Dewey informed the dignitaries of Chang-sha that in some provinces coeducation had been adopted, and that Hunan ought to do likewise. To this the Tuchun made a statesmanlike reply, promising that the matter should receive his best consideration and that action should be taken when the time was ripe. Various Chinese educationists, whose speeches were interpreted into English by Chinese interpreters, spoke of their aims and their efforts, and of what they hoped from their European and American guests. Reverence for sages is traditional in China, and many modern Chinese transfer this attitude to the educationists who come from foreign countries. Their expectations are so far beyond one's powers as to be often embarrassing; it is very difficult to explain that one is not a sage without feeling that one is rather a fool.

The educationists and the students in China are extraordinarily keen, and there is no doubt that the movement for modern education represents the most solid advance that is being made. The Chinese who have been at foreign universities do not become unbalanced or unable to see what is good in China (except in art). Their native civilization is sufficiently strong and solid to enable them to assimilate what the West has to teach without becoming simply Europeans; and, strange to say, they like our best better than our worst. They are, as a rule, less learned than Japanese professors, but more genuinely cultivated, more open-minded, more capable of a scientifically skeptical outlook. Nationalism and religion, the two great enemies of honest thought in the West, are absent from the educated classes in China; respect for Confucius is not excessive among those who have assimilated Western culture. I was never conscious in China, as one almost always is in Japan, of a barrier to mutual comprehension. The Oriental is said to be inscrutable and remote, but this is certainly not true in China. I found the Chinese just as easy to talk to as the English, and just as easy (or as difficult) to understand psychologically.

But Young China has to contend against a terrible deadweight of ignorance and superstition in the mass of the people. When I left the banquet to go on board the boat on which I was leaving Chang-sha, it happened that an eclipse of the moon was in progress. As in the earliest annals of Chinese history, the streets were full of people beating gongs to frighten away the Heavenly Dog who was supposed to be trying to eat up the moon; little bonfires were being lit everywhere to rekindle the moon's light by sympathetic magic. The missionary whom I mentioned earlier told me that often, as he walked about, he had heard passers-by express astonishment that he could bend the knee, because he was a "foreign devil," and devils have to keep their knees always straight. They also can only travel in straight lines,

* The first of four articles. The next will be on Chinese Ethics.

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and therefore every Chinese house has the front door opening on to a blank wall, with the courtyard round the corner. Even within the courtyard, a screen provides other corners, so that at worst the evil spirits cannot get beyond the servants' quarters. Great care has to be taken in putting up telegraph wires to prevent them from pointing straight at any man's house, because if they did they would help devils to get at him. There are innumerable superstitions of this kind, some merely picturesque, others very inconvenient. Educated people do not believe them, but they have to be respected in any public undertaking. Until recently, no house could be built of more than one story, for fear of disturbing the spirits of the wind and the air.

The only cure for these superstitions is universal education, and for that, at present, there are not enough funds or enough modern teachers. But the love of education and respect for it are so great that one may hope to see it rapidly extended, provided political troubles can be sufficiently settled for the money to be forthcoming. I hope that, when education becomes more widespread, it will be in the hands of the Chinese themselves, not in those of missionaries, clerical or lay, who want to spread our civilization as the finest thing on earth. China has shortcomings, which to us are very obvious, but it also has merits in which we are deficient. What is to be hoped is not that China should become like ourselves, reproducing our Napoleons and Bismarcks and Eminent Victorians, but that a new civilization should be developed, combining our knowledge with Chinese culture. The Chinese are capable of this, if they are encouraged but not coerced. The methods of Europe and Japan would force them in time to become like Japan, militaristic, imperialist, and brutal; the methods of America would persuade them to become like America. But if their development can be left free, I think they can give the world a new civilization, to carry on the arts and sciences after Europe has perished in a sea of blood.

"The Most Unpromising Child"

By ARTHUR WARNER

"WE want the most unfortunate, the most unpromising child."

Mr. August Heckscher was speaking—speaking of the children's home which is nearing completion in New York City. I had asked how the children for it were to be selected.

"They will not be selected at all," he replied quickly. "That would destroy the whole object." Then he added the sentence set down above. It came back to me later as the pith of the whole conversation. "The most unpromising child." Not greatly sought after as a rule, this youngster. The bright, the pretty, the promising child always finds friends. There are good families everywhere ready to adopt it. But "the most unpromising child"——

There are no bad children, in the view of Mr. Heckscher. There are some, unfortunately, who turn out badly, but it is the fault of their environment. An equal chance for every child—that is Mr. Heckscher's solution of the problem of making good citizens; that was the idea in the back of his head when he and Mrs. Heckscher gave the money for the children's home which is rising six stories high on the east side of Central Park, occupying the entire block between 104th and 105th Streets, Fifth and Madison Avenues. For a good many years Mr. Heckscher has been interested in the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. He is still interested in it, indeed the Heckscher Foundation for Children is a direct outgrowth of the other organization, popularly known as the Gerry Society after its founder, Elbridge T. Gerry. For Mr. Heckscher has seen much of the children that pass through the hands of the Gerry Society. He knows that to segregate them in a reformatory or an asylum is apt to be ruinous. Yet the Gerry Society believes in sticking to its last. Its primary purpose is protective and corrective; it is not a welfare society. By law it is the temporary custodian of children under sixteen who are arrested by the police or whose parents it thinks unfit or unable to take care of them. But the Gerry Society keeps these children only until the courts can decide their fate; ultimately they must be returned to their old environment or committed to an institution—with all the tragedy which that means for the child and for society.

Enter here the Heckscher Foundation for Children. It plans to work with the Gerry Society. The latter is to have its headquarters in the children's home, and a majority of the board of trustees of the Heckscher Foundation are directors of the Gerry Society. The children's home will begin where the Gerry Society leaves off. It will undertake the education of children whose parents voluntarily elect to put them in its hands and of children that the courts ask it to care for. As Mr. Heckscher says, there will be no selection, except that children will not be taken who need surgical treatment either for physical or mental reasons. Full recognition is given to the part that physical malformations play in making children stupid or uncontrollable and to the marvelous cures that can be wrought by modern surgery. All such children, therefore, will be turned over to the city officials, who have promised adequate surgical treatment.

As to the children's home, it will aim to be that as much as possible and just as little as can be an institution. The entire roof of the building will be a playground, and there will be a huge swimming pool and a children's theater. Also there will be a fine pipe organ with devices to carry the music to a large extent throughout the building. "The educational and ennobling power of music will be used to the fullest degree," says Mr. Heckscher. "Perhaps the children will wake in the morning to the playing of hymns."

But the most essential feature in the education of the children's home will be its outside contacts. The children of the neighborhood—a densely settled one—are to be welcomed in to share in all the opportunities. This is where the children's home will differ most markedly from reformatories and asylums. "The most unpromising child" will not be brought up in the exclusive environment of others of his sort; he will be thrown with normal children in normal human relations.

In founding the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Elbridge T. Gerry established not merely an organization but a movement. The idea spread over the country, and today there are scores of similar bodies enjoying a semi-official status and exercising large powers. It is even hard to imagine that we were ever so callous as to allow children to be locked up in police stations, to be contaminated by older offenders and exposed to all the unfortunate processes of our criminal system. Some day we may arrive at a stage where we will not tolerate this

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system even for adults. In the meanwhile it is something to have modified it for the children as far as organizations like the Gerry Society have been able to do so.

The children's home carries the process a step further. Its aim is not merely to care for and protect the child until the courts have taken action, but to take hold of and educate him afterward; its hope is to deinstitutionalize the care of "the most unpromising child"—to surround him with an environment so human, so normal, so hopeful that he will grow up with those qualities inbred. In the back of Mr. Heckscher's mind—although, modestly, he only hints at it in conversation—is undoubtedly the hope that the children's home may inaugurate as great and far-spreading a change in method as did the Gerry Society; that it, too, may prove not merely an organization but a movement. That is why the building has been erected on Fifth Avenue opposite Central Park—where all may see—instead of on a cheaper and, for its own purposes, perhaps better site.

"It is intended not so much as a model home," says Mr. Heckscher, "as a demonstration of an unfilled need in modern society. It is built in the hope that others will follow."

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has lately received a suggestion in regard to *The Nation* from a reader who has been camping in California. The word "reader" is used advisedly, rather than subscriber or newsstand purchaser, because of knowledge that the person in question never buys anything more expensive than the *Saturday Evening Post* and reads *The Nation* only when the Drifter or some other friend, solicitous for his mental welfare, sends him a free copy. Nevertheless, and perhaps all the more, the idea may have merit. As explained in a letter to the Drifter, it is this:

> I have a suggestion for the improvement of *The Nation* which you might put up to the editors. At present it is unsuited for camp table-cloths because when torn apart you skip from page 364 to page 385 and, just as you are finding out what is the matter with Harding, your eye travels to the next page and you find out what is wrong with Turgeniev or Ibsen. The change I suggest is one of technical make-up and need not necessarily affect the editorial policy at all. I am sure that it would greatly increase the weekly's circulation among liberal readers who do not have the jack to buy table-cloths and are therefore delicately shaded with pink if not downright red.

* * * * *

THESE are sad days for steamships. With the falling off of world commerce and the diminished demand for cargo space since the end of the European War, many a fine new ship is rusting her hull away swinging idly at anchor or made fast to a lonely dock. And if this be true of fine new ships, what must be the fate of the older ones? Alas, they are passing into ignominious oblivion or experiencing an even more bitter fate. A few weeks ago the Drifter was nosing along the Brooklyn water front in a sector given over almost wholly to rough, shapeless, square-ended cargo vessels when his eye caught a graceful bowsprit protruding over the dock. The rare sight of a steamship with an old-fashioned clipper bow sent the Drifter hurrying to the spot, where he read on the hull the name New York. Could it be the old New York, the once famous ship of the American Line? The clipper bow and the handsome lines said, yes; but instead of the well-remembered black funnels with white rings, the smoke stacks were blue, with a strange device at the top and the mystic letters "P. N. C."

* * * * *

THE Drifter strolled over to a knot of sailors for information. Sure enough, it was the old liner, not so many years ago one of the crack passenger vessels of the Western Ocean. The New York and her sister ship, the Philadelphia (née City of Paris), were among the first steamships of modern type to sail under the American flag. They docked only a few years since in the North River near the foot of Fulton Street, and carried many a brilliant company to and from Southampton. When the Drifter found the New York the other day she was owned by the Polish Navigation Company and employed on an obscure route to the Baltic Sea. "P. N. C.—Pay No Crew," said one of the sailors, pointing disgustedly toward the mystic letters on the funnels. "She was to have sailed the other day, but they wouldn't let her. You'll find her cabin door plastered with attachments." A few days later the Drifter noticed in the newspapers that the New York had been sold for debt.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The American Legion—A Defense

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I be permitted to comment on your article in the issue of November 23, The American Legion at Play? And first, may I state that I vote with those soldiers who wish to see Eugene V. Debs released; and also that I am for prohibition. *The Nation* has used as its bases for opinion a letter from Mr. John W. Gunn and quotations from the Kansas City *Post* and the St. Joseph *Gazette*. From these it states that "militarism shoved, strutted, and staggered" through the streets; that the parade was a "very belligerent display of the new patriotism"; that "many of the paraders were 100 per cent intoxicated"; and from these *The Nation* draws the verdict that "the assembly was a medley of rum, rowdyism, and riot."

I am afraid I do not make this interpretation. But suppose there could not be two opinions; suppose it were true that the assembly was a medley of rum, rowdyism, and riot, surely the blame should not rest chiefly on the soldiers. It is the duty of the city authorities to enforce prohibition. If taps were turned on, where should one expect liquor to flow except down the throats that were there? Remember, too, that these throats did not belong entirely to members of the American Legion. The youth present who had never belonged to the army were not always mere onlookers. It is unfortunate that the emphasis or massing of the article in *The Nation* makes it appear that it is the soldiers who should bear the brunt of whatever criticism can be made in regard to the convention in Kansas City.

On a question of fact—I am afraid Mr. Gunn did not view the parade which he calls a "belligerent display" with the eyes of the average spectator, nor did he realize the spirit of the soldiers. To them that parade was a review; their greatest. They were passing before five distinguished commanders for whom they had, at the lowest, respect, and, at the highest, hero-worship. Is it likely that the officers would permit "many paraders, 100 per cent intoxicated"? As I sat in the stand from which the generals reviewed the men, and in the front row, I should have been near enough to see drunken men. But the soldiers marched, erect and steady, as they used to march in France where we sent them.

But to come to interpretation merely: the average spectator in tolerant, generous Kansas City took, I am convinced, the point of view that, all things considered, the disorder was less than might have been expected. It is always well, in judging

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a deed, to consider how bad a man it takes to do it. The college boy who steals watermelons when on a country "hike" with rollicking companions is not by intention a thief. A reunion of college boys can make a good deal of disturbance in a city. I believe the majority of those who looked on in Kansas City regarded the soldiers much as they would have regarded a class of college boys many times multiplied; they would have chosen the word "horseplay" rather than "rowdyism." Mr. Gunn says, disapprovingly, that the soldiers hurled waste cans in front of passing automobiles; they did, but at the rate at which automobiles were obliged to crawl, no harm could possibly have been done—and the drivers smiled. Crapshooters did "cavort" even on the streets—a revival, that, of the overseas diversion. But there seemed nothing heinous about all this to practically all of the civilians. Is it not significant of the temper and conduct of soldiers and civilians that, despite the inordinate crowds, not a single accident took place in the downtown streets? Touching even that riot in the Hotel Baltimore on the last day—could not that, too, be put in terms of college boy excess? Have there not been many cases of college boys drinking and dicing, rounded up by the police? Has not the fighting that followed changed from the jocular to the angry, with painful results? One is only trying to explain, not to look at this thing as a stern moralist who wants to make a point rather than to understand.

For any excess, these soldiers have an excuse no college group could have—these men who went through so much at our bidding, and came back to a society that did not understand them. For those who were not overseas, it takes deep understanding, based on unusual imagination and sympathy, to realize the suffering our soldiers endured. If I may speak personally, I thought by 1915 that I had penetrated that suffering; but not till I had been overseas, and under fire something like two hundred times, did I realize how costly war is to body and soul. I have penetrated but a little way, though I have seen many a soldier, blue with cold, lying in mud, with only one blanket; though I have seen men killed within a few feet of me; though I have often taken the last messages of men dying in agony, who asked me to tell their mothers or wives that they went without pain. These men who came home have endured physical and spiritual agony that they cannot express. Perhaps they returned expecting too much of life and of their fellow Americans. Hundreds of them lie forgotten in hospitals; hundreds more cannot find work; hundreds and perhaps thousands of the able-bodied are not so far along in their careers as they would be if they had not gone overseas. Then came a chance for a great reunion; each soldier would meet old comrades who had gone through what he had. They came, and hospitable Kansas City indulged them. Is it surprising that there should have been excesses? The world is surely sick of war and of "a peace from war which is more like disease than the war itself." But there remains to the soldiers who fought for us our debt of justice, of understanding—and surely, at long intervals, our tolerance for his overflowing at reunions.

Ithaca, N. Y., November 26 MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

Tut! Tut!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It appears that *The Nation* likes its little joke. It announces another Poetry Contest. We took the last one seriously until the prize "poem" was published. After we had read that sample of literary jazz, which suggested that the chief intellectual nourishment of its begetter had been the so-called comic supplements of the Sunday papers, we saw the joke. Now we are wondering how many lovers of poetry will "bite" this time. Also what kind of a freak will wear the ribbon. The distinguished judges might fool us by awarding the prize to a real poem, if any such are submitted.

Washington, D. C., November 28 P. R. B.

Against Birth Control

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Most of the birth controllers may be men and women who really want to develop a better human race and who think that birth control is the way to accomplish that result. But they have chosen the wrong method. Birth control is unnatural and morally degenerating. The race cannot be improved by degenerating the improvers. It is quite impossible that highly developed spiritual qualities should exist in a person who is a slave to desire. Continence, except for reproduction only, is necessary to higher unfoldment. When there are good reasons why children are not desired, the proper remedy is self-control, not birth control

Milwaukee, Wisconsin, November 18 JOHN M. WORK

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of November 2 you stated: "Those who oppose birth control on religious or other grounds have the unquestioned right to refuse to practice it and to preach against it, but they have not the right to attempt to incorporate their beliefs and prejudices in the law of the land and to impose them on others." If you mean to imply that the law of the land should make no attempt to uphold any standard of sexual morality by subjecting violations of it to penalty, your position is of course entirely logical. If, however, you uphold on moral grounds laws against obscene literature, houses of prostitution, adultery, and similar statutes, it is somewhat difficult to see why those opposed to the practice of prevention of conception on moral grounds have no right to incorporate their beliefs in the law of the land.

Cleveland, Ohio, November 5 L. O. DICK

The Admiral and the Gob

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It gave me grim amusement to read in a newspaper, a few days ago, that story about Admiral Beatty's cap. The admiral does not wear it cocked to one side just to appear swagger, they tell us, but because he has a peculiar lump on one side of his head—an old lump so painful still that he cannot bear on it the weight of a cap. An excellent reason: no man should torture himself.

But, I thought, what would happen to the enlisted man, the "gob" of the British or American navy, who wanted to wear *his* cap on one side for a similar reason? I can hear the sweet tones of a petty officer: "Hey, *you*—*Pull* yer hat down straight! W'ere dya think y'are; home?"

Nevertheless, in review we looked like "a fine body of men, Admiral, a fine body of men!"

Bloomfield, N. J., November 27 EX-GOB

Another Grave Chinese Danger

TO THE ACTING EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A serious Chinese danger has arisen at this Washington Conference. It is the proposal to transfer to American soil the foreign post offices about to be banished from China, plus a separate Chinese one. It is planned to give to these foreign post offices all the rights and privileges now enjoyed by them in China including, of course, the free and unhampered transmission of whiskey and opium. Now against this proposal, popular as it may be with some, we wish to protest. We believe that there is such a growing improvement in our service as to make untrue the allegations of foreigners here that mails are so inefficient and unreliable as to make necessary foreign intervention arranged as in China.

In proof of this improvement let us cite the fact that one

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of us mailed his weekly letter to *The Nation* in the train mail box at the Union Station here on Sunday night and that it arrived safely in New York on Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock, after only *one* visit to Brooklyn en route—if we may trust the post-office stamp upon it. Again, a manuscript mailed by you in New York to us has safely arrived here after being *only thirteen days* on the road—during which period it, too, seems to have visited only one other city, Richmond, Virginia. Does not this denote progress? Moreover, the Baltimore *Sun* this week printed a triumphant news story to the effect that it now takes only twenty-four hours for a letter to go the forty miles from Washington to Baltimore. As we write, a friend from Boston tells us that his father receives letters at his office which take only twenty-four hours to reach him from his home eleven miles out in the suburbs.

Now we submit that on this showing any talk of the necessity of foreign, and particularly a Chinese post office, on our soil is absurd. No second-hand foreign post office for us.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD,
NATHANIEL PEFFER,
Washington Correspondents of *The Nation*

Washington, D. C., December 1

Beauty and the Artist

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Does not the able reviewer of Mr. Sherwood Anderson's "The Triumph of the Egg," in *The Nation* for November 23, take a little for granted? His account of Mr. Anderson's temperamental and artistic background seems to rest upon the following statements or implications: that beauty and certain other desirable things are not to be found in our common life; that accordingly only commonplace people who exist at low levels of sensibility can find happiness in this life, or even endure it with equanimity; that souls of a certain fineness, on the contrary, are necessarily depressed and disillusioned by the fatal lack of beauty, and—if very fine—apparently are driven toward suicide or madness. Are these facts, or the reviewer's assumptions?

To my way of thinking, your reviewer has given superfluous support to an artistic and philosophic claim of which we have already heard far too much. I mean the grandiloquent and cheeky claim of "pessimism" to be the other name for truth. So far from it being the last proof of a fine soul's exquisiteness that it can find beauty in the life about it, I should have supposed that the discovery of beauty was the first service of an artist. Lest I there touch upon matters of which I know nothing, I will merely affirm, in contradiction of the reviewer, that I have in my acquaintance a number of sensitive and fine-souled people who do, in fact, find in the common life about them, and disclose in the conduct of their own human relationships, abundant beauty; and who can and do take delight in such beauty, with an enjoyment, I boldly aver, not a whit less aesthetic or sophisticated than the despondency of Mr. Anderson. What is to be done with these people?

Your reviewer says: "There are levels of insensibility that are literally unimaginable to Mr. Anderson and his kind." That is true, indeed; yet how reassuring it would be to see the two-halved truth stated sometimes like this: "There are levels of sensibility that are literally unimaginable to—artists of such-and-such a temperament. For that also, I take it, is true, and as things go nowadays even more important.

New York, November 22 HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON

Alright to the Point

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I received a copy of your paper and would state that it *is* alright for people who are accustomed to thinking forwards. Your paper is an honor to your country.

Toronto, November 29 L. KNIGHT

Books

Casanova Passes

Casanova's Homecoming. By Arthur Schnitzler. Issued by subscription. (Thomas Seltzer.) $10.

IT is, curiously, true of each separate age that it creates an individual wholly characteristic of his time; and no epoch was more faithfully served than the eighteenth century in Casanova. He was, in every aspect, the eighteenth century—in his rascality, at once magnificent and trivial; his shallow, pretentious learning; his gabbling metaphysics shrewdly turned to practical use; and, notably, in the sterile ardor of his passion. His memoirs, only now, and to a limited degree, accessible in English, for a very long while have been the European foundation of all reflections and studies in the wide range of years he commanded.

The temper of imaginative English letters, however, has been persistently indifferent to that period: Mr. Compton Mackenzie surveyed the English scene at Bath; Mr. Cabell has gazed on it both in England and France; and Mrs. Wharton, in "The Valley of Decision," indicated a great deal—drawn largely from Casanova. But an indication is not a record, a hint is but at best an admission of subservience; and that is helpless in the face, the patched and painted face, of an age of perverse frankness. The reason is clear:

It is impossible within the sobriety, the stupidity, really, of English taste to manage any transcription of the spirit of the seventeen hundreds. Europe, and particularly Arthur Schnitzler, is under no such heavy responsibility to the ubiquitous and perennially young person; consequently "Casanova's Homecoming," translated in a limited edition and innocent of the name of its publisher, has a certain unique value.

To anyone at all familiar with the implications of the word *cicisbeo*, who knows something of the Society of Arcadians, to whom the Gozzis and Cimarosa and Lancret are not wholly strange, Schnitzler's novel of a great Italian adventurer *in petto* will be both significant and entertaining. It is an exceptionally happy subject for its author, since it offers him, at its zenith, a scene to the tattered ends of which in the present he has been long addressed.

Mantua, a country place, and, at the end, Venice, are the formal settings through which Casanova, over fifty, fading but not faded, passes; but, appropriately, he is mostly seen in a garden, an Italian garden without flowers, a walled space with an emerald sod, cypress and cedars, and a stained marble façade.

There, in a net of intrigue, of gambling and a duel, he waits for the summons to return to the city of his birth. The intrigue is successful, the duel an extravaganza finished with a thrust of lithe steel, and Casanova posts rapidly to the coast. The figures about him are as inevitable as their surroundings: the complacent woman of the inn; the bucolic friend with his sly wife; the fat abbate; the spiteful marchese and the dragoon, young and handsome, in his house; and, specially, the lovely blue-stocking, Marcolina, educated by a professor of mathematics, and scornful in her learned support of the sage of Ferney.

The table for gambling is set, in the cool of evening, on the lawn, illuminated by the light falling from a door; the gold slips and glitters—it was Casanova who asserted that gambling debts should not be paid in ringing coin—and the Chevalier, an appropriated title, follows in his thoughts the seductive body of Marcolina. Casanova discourses on a Gracious Supreme Council, the Cabala, his forthcoming polemic against atheists, his adventures of heart and wit and impudence; he is publicly impressive and privately by turn sanguine and weary; two states of mind reflected by the two suits, one a show of embroidered gray satin, Spanish lace, and cherry silk, and the other shabby and travel-worn, to which he is reduced.

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A mingled bravery and sadness possesses him, a confusion of sham and an unsparing recognition of his decline. When, finally, the mandate from Venice arrives, he is outraged at its humiliating provision; and he formulates a violent revenge on men holding him to be no better than a spy. But in the presence, the palace, of Bragadino—his patron, in reality, was the Senator Bragadin—cramming rolls and butter, eggs and cold meat, into his meager hide, it is clear that his sensibilities, too, are atrophied.

Yet—a Continental pen is writing—there isn't, in Casanova, a shred of moralizing fear; he regrets nothing but the inability of the present to play the past. Time, destroying the body, has scarcely touched the vigor of his spirit; even his ambitions, his ends, are the same as when, a youth in the preliminary orders of the church, he gathered love notes instead of lire in the alms bag. That was a generation for a passion as easily gratified as it was roused: the French Revolution was just beyond the mountains; Buonaparte was nine years old; and a premonition of the cannon which were to end the Venetian Republic, a whole civilization, drove life into a futile madness of carnival.

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

William James on Himself

The Letters of William James. Edited by his son, Henry James. The Atlantic Monthly Press. 2 vols. $10.

OF all ways to write the life of William James this was the best. For the most part his letters tell the story unaided, but the editor has with rare art sketched in the background of biographical fact, interwoven some of the impressions which his father made on those who knew him best, and put in here and there his own appraisals, always with a dignity and restraint that mark his fitness for his task. There are few men whose lives can be told by their letters. In the biographies of men of affairs, chronicle and comment must play the major part. What they think and feel is seldom worth remembering. They have their day and cease to be. William James is not one of these. His life was the life of the mind and of the spirit; and by the grace of his writing his mind and his spirit are bequeathed as a perpetual endowment for mankind. Here in these letters we have his spontaneous and uncensored expression of what he thought and felt and of his ways of feeling and thinking. The editor has the courage not to omit what may shock timid souls who seek shelter in the conventional and the commonplace. He has the reverence to withhold the intimate letters to Mrs. James. He excludes, too, those that are "wholly technical or polemic." In so far as any division is possible the record is of William James the man rather than of William James the philosopher. While the letters here printed help greatly toward a closer grasp of James's philosophical attitudes and interests, their note is so dominantly human that they are packed with intellectual and spiritual refreshment for those to whom an appreciation of more formal philosophy is denied.

James's interests were so varied and his enthusiasms so eager that only by reading all he wrote can one get the full scope and fervor of the man. His most perennial quest was in the realm of religion, which for himself he defined broadly as "a universe of spiritual relations surrounding the earthly practical ones." This deep interest in religion naturally enough finds expression more in his essays than in his letters, though it is affirmed strongly here. One of his tasks in his Gifford Lectures was, as he puts it, "to make the hearer or reader believe, what I myself invincibly do believe, that, although all the special manifestations of religion may have been absurd (I mean its creeds and theories), yet the life of it as a whole is mankind's most important function." One is tempted to quote further, but to quote less than all might be misleading. For the full expression of James's religious attitude we must look to his whole response to life. The courage with which he faced everything inevitable was so firm that he never seemed aware of it. His letters to his father and to his sister when he knew of their approaching deaths show how stalwart was his soul. What he had within himself comes out strikingly in his response to hills and sea and sky. In describing a night in the Adirondacks he writes his wife: "The streaming moonlight lit up things in a magical checkered play, and it seemed as if the Gods of all nature mythologies were holding an indescribable meeting in my breast with the moral Gods of the inner life. . . . It was one of the happiest lonesome nights of my existence, and I understand now what a poet is. He is a person who can feel the immense complexity of the influences I felt, and make some partial tracks in them for verbal statement." In less exalted, more reflective moods the same thought occurs. "Scenery seems to wear in one's consciousness better than any other element in life. In this year of much solemn and idle meditation, I have often been surprised to find what a predominant part in my own spiritual experience it has played, and how it stands out as almost the only thing the memory of which I should like to carry over with me beyond the veil, unamended and unaltered." There is unconscious self-revelation in the description of "the sea all effervescing and sparkling with white caps and lace, the strong sun lording it in the sky, and hope presiding in the heart."

Best of all James loved the scenery and climate of America and found them the embodiment of what America meant to him. Writing from the Continent he says: "God bless the American climate, with its transparent, passionate, impulsive variety and headlong fling. There are deeper, slower tones of earnestness and moral gravity here, no doubt, but ours is more like youth and youth's infinite and touching promise. God bless America in general." To his self-exiled brother Henry he writes with a playful dig at the end: "That low West that I've so often fed on, with a somber but intense crimson vestige smoldering close to the horizon line, economical but profound, and the western well of sky shading upward from it through infinite shades of transparent luminosity in darkness to the deep blue darkness overhead. It was purely American. You never see that western sky anywhere else. Solemn and wonderful. I should think you'd like to see it again, if only for the sake of shuddering at it." Still more playfully he writes his daughter: "Poverty-stricken this New Hampshire country may be—weak in a certain sense, shabby, thin, pathetic—say all that, yet, like 'Jenny,' it *kissed* me; and it is not *vulgar*—even H. J. can't accuse it of that—or of 'stodginess,' especially at this emaciated season. It remains pure, and clear and distinguished—Bless it!"

To the famous antithesis between the two brothers these letters add another no less striking. William loved his America as Henry found it alien. The opposition is due not to difference in perception but to difference in response. "How cramped and inferior England seems" was William's greeting to his brother on one of his visits to England. "America may be raw and shrill, but I could never live with this as ycu do." To another friend he wrote from England that the English atmosphere "will conspire better with my writing tasks, and after all it is more congruous with one's nature and one's inner ideals"; but he adds: "Still, one loves America above all things, for her youth, her greenness, her plasticity, innocence, good intentions, friends, everything. Je veux que mes cendres reposent sur les bords du Charles, au milieu de ce bon peuple de Harvarr Squerre que j'ai tant aimé. That is what I say, and what Napoleon B. would have said, had his life been enriched by your and my educational and other experiences."

Not that James did not find plenty to displease him in America. After a week of lecturing at Chautauqua he cries for "anything to break the unlovely level of 10,000 good people." Certain types of his fellow countrymen drew from him scathing comment. Our imperialistic enterprise of 1898 he viewed with loathing. The Republican nominees of 1900 he called a "combination of slime and grit, soap and sand, that ought to scour anything away, even the moral sense of the country." His in-

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vectives against conquest were not confined to the United States. Writing of the English in 1899, he says: "I hope if they do go to war that the Boers will give them fits, and I heartily emit an analogous prayer on behalf of the Philippinos." In the same year an invitation to meet Kipling prompted the comment: "Now that by his song-making power he is the mightiest force in the formation of the 'Anglo-Saxon' character, I wish he would hearken a bit more to his deeper human self and a bit less to his shallower jingo self. If the Anglo-Saxon race would drop its sniveling cant it would have a good deal less of a 'burden' to carry. We're the most loathsomely canting crew that God ever made. Kipling knows perfectly well that our camps in the tropics are not college settlements or our armies bands of philanthropists, slumming it; and I think it a shame that he should represent us to ourselves in that light." The Venezuela affair and the Dreyfus persecution provoked in James the same strong feelings. While his interest lay so much more in inner than in outer things that politics concerned him only occasionally, his interest was intense when it was aroused. Here as elsewhere he hated sham and buncombe, low ideals and blundering ways. His American fondness for the extravagant phrase makes his words in cold print seem more caustic than was his spirit. He loved the battle of words enough to put his points with all his might, but there is no sign that he cared for controversy for its own sake. Back of his forceful expression was always much of play and nothing of bitterness.

Of his delightful fooling his letters are full. To a neglected correspondent he writes: "Away back in Nauheim I began meaning to write you, and although that meaning was 'fulfilled' long before you were born, in Royce's Absolute, yet there was a hitch about it in the finite which gave me perplexity." This same Absolute comes in for many a poke. His letters to Royce and about Royce are among his best. The life-long philosophical opposition between the two seemed only to enhance James's personal affection and admiration for his distinguished colleague. From abroad he writes to him: "You are still the center of my gaze, the pole of my mental magnet. When I write, 'tis with one eye on the page, and one on you. When I compose my Gifford lectures mentally, 'tis with the design exclusively of overthrowing your system, and ruining your peace. I lead a parasitic life upon you, for my highest flight of ambitious ideality is to become your conqueror, and go down into history as such, you and I rolled in one another's arms and silent (or rather loquacious still) in one last death-grapple of an embrace. How then, O my dear Royce, can I forget you, or be contented out of your close neighborhood? Different as our minds are, yours has nourished mine, as no other social influence ever has, and in converse with you I have always felt that my life was being lived importantly." This great affection did not dim James's critical sense. Royce he calls "the Rubens of philosophy." "Richness, abundance, boldness, color, but a sharp contour never, and never any *perfection*. But isn't fertility better than perfection?" One of Royce's books James calls "a big achievement in the line of philosophic fancy-work." On the other hand what was to his taste brought from James the most enthusiastic praise. "And what a writer! and what fecundity!"—he exclaims of Papini—"and what humor and what truth! Dewey's powerful stuff seems also to ring the death-knell of a sentenced world." As early as 1903 James wrote of his fellow leader of the pragmatists: "Chicago University has during the past six months given birth to the fruit of its ten years of gestation under John Dewey. The result is wonderful—a *real school*, and *real Thought*. Important thought, too! Did you ever hear of such a city or such a University? Here we have thought, but no school. At Yale a school, but no thought. Chicago has both."

These fragments from the letters show the surpassing vividness of James's thought and utterance. He had in fullest measure what he described another as lacking—"the sudden word, the unmediated transition, the flash of perception that makes reasonings unnecessary." This alert and springing quality of his mind is the more remarkable when we remember that throughout his life his physical state was low. Most of his later years he was sadly overworked. His teaching and his lecturing took so much of his time and energy that he left unfinished much of the more sustained exposition that he had projected. The world has been denied much that might have been given it had James enjoyed more freedom after he came into the fruition of his powers and found his bent. Sometimes he regretted that the popular lectures had kept him from what he thought more serious work. Yet here the gain may well be greater than the loss. It is fortunate that what he had to give was put in a form to be received by so wide an audience rather than left to filter through interpreters of lesser insight. The loss of what he left unwritten is the less because his work would have been unfinished however long he lived. His thought was such that it never would have led him to the false security of final conclusions. In this lies the strength that will make it live when closed systems and completed structures crowd the philosophic morgue.

THOMAS REED POWELL

A Roman Fable

The Ruin of the Ancient Civilization and the Triumph of Christianity. With Some Consideration of Conditions in the Europe of Today. By Guglielmo Ferrero. Translated by the Hon. Lady Whitehead. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

THE story of Rome has been clothed by Gibbon in a majestic toga of white rationalism bordered with purple periods; by Mommsen it has been turned into a eulogy of science and of imperialism; by Boissier it is treated as a chatty memoir; and by Ferrero it is regarded as a bit of the latest news, a proper subject for an editorial or a leading article. He is not worried by the troubles of the Caesars so much as by the abdication of the Kaisers; his real subject is the Decline and Fall of Modern Europe. "Mutatis nominibus de nobis fabula narratur."

And the fable loses nothing of point in Ferrero's telling. Bent on showing the similarity of the crisis of the third and that of the twentieth century, he begins by painting a glowing picture of the condition of the empire in the year 235. The fine arts flourished, philosophy and literature were cultivated with zeal, everywhere schools multiplied, the law was studied with ardor; agriculture, industry, and commerce prospered; the imperial finances were not in a bad condition; the army was strong. Fifty years later all this was changed. Classic civilization and polytheism were in their death agonies; the state was a prey to a violent and feeble despotism; the Western provinces were ruined; the countryside and the small towns were depopulated; in short, anarchy, bankruptcy, and Christianity floated on the hulk of a shipwrecked world. With deep feeling Ferrero laments what he calls the greatest tragedy in human history. "For ten generations the ancient civilization had worked untiringly to create a state which should be perfect, wise, human, generous, free, and just, and which should cause beauty, truth, and virtue to reign over the world. . . . This marvelous effort culminated . . . in the most appalling crisis of anarchy and disorder which was ever produced by a violent and corrupt despotism of brutal force despoiled of moral authority, and in the destruction of the most refined civilization."

The prime cause of this shocking change the author finds in the blow to moral authority given by Septimius Severus when he made the army superior to the Senate as a political power. True, it is admitted, the authority of the Senate had long been little more than a shadow, and its assent to the imperial election merely a formality. But yet it was there to direct men's thoughts to law and not to force. Coupled with the misfortune of the annihilation of the Senate was the collapse of the aristocracy, for the whole strength of the Greco-Latin civilization consisted in the small number of preeminently capable men which it produced, and this class was now submerged by the barbarian mercenaries.

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To supply the need created by the absence of old custom and prescriptive right the rulers of the world grasped desperately at religion as a sanction for government. In 270 Aurelian proclaimed Mithraism as the state religion, hoping to find in its absolutist and monarchical teachings a support to the tottering throne. But Mithraism itself was undermined by other Eastern cults, the most important of which was Christianity. As long as possible the emperors had sought to crush the followers of the Galilean, whose humble faith proved a disintegrating and non-synthetical element in the Roman polity. Christianity was already, according to Ferrero, destroying the Empire by abstention, by teaching the citizen not to fight and not to stand in awe of a pagan government. The very audacity, grandeur, and originality of its spiritual revolution cast down the mighty from their seats and exalted the lowly and the meek.

But all the while the new sect waxed so mightily that it was a case of Hobson's choice when Constantine tried to make of it an ally. Like all weaklings dependent on a stronger associate he became the slave of his ally; it was not so much that he conquered in the sign of the Cross as that the Cross conquered in his name. He was terribly vexed when he found that he could not rule the Christians and make them stop disputing about points of "absolutely no importance" as he called the Arian debate.

A final chapter points the moral of the tale, which is, in brief, that the overthrow of the Romanovs, of the Hapsburgs, and of the Hohenzollerns in the last four years is parallel to the overthrow of the Roman Senate in the third century, and is likely, if not certain, to be followed by a period of complete anarchy and by the shipwreck of our civilization. Of all the historical analogies, some solid and some specious, that the reviewer has ever read, this is the least convincing. It is like the old classification of the bat as a bird and the whale as a fish; one superficial resemblance has been allowed to outweigh many fundamental differences. Ferrero takes no account whatever of the world of change made by all the inventions and discoveries of the last seventeen centuries, of the popular education and scientific attainments of the peoples; he does mention, but only to repudiate, the argument drawn from long experience in popular government. Much the same superficiality is found in his other analogies, as that between the Thirty Years' War and the wars of Constantine, or that between Arius and the Protestant Unitarians. It is pleasant and perhaps instructive to read Ferrero's interpretation of ancient Rome; it is diverting but misleading to follow his modern analogies. If we had nothing more to worry us, in this day and generation, than the fall of the Russian, German, and Austrian thrones, we should live, like the prince and princess in the fairy tales, happily ever after.

PRESERVED SMITH

Drama

"The Verge"

THERE is far more innocence among us than malice. Claire Archer in Susan Glaspell's "The Verge" speaks of her "apartness," her "otherness." She is groping after a new idiom, a fresher speech in this world befuddled with words, in this world where men bury themselves in "dead forms and call it sanity." The gentlemen of the press who asked whether apartness had anything to do with apartment were not malicious. They really respect Susan Glaspell; they have a fondness for Margaret Wycherly. They are like freshmen talking about an instructor. "He's all right. He's just got a few queer notions." They have no notions. The innocence of the mind is unspotted. "The Verge" is known in New York as an incomprehensible, ultra-esoteric play. Claire Archer has a "good husband," a pleasant house, green-houses, a daughter, a sister, friends. And she plays with madness as a refuge. At an Algonquin luncheon that seems inexcusably absurd. Broadway is bright, salaries good, the dollar above par, cocktails not unobtainable. "Quare fremuerunt. . . .?" Why do the affectedly sophisticated rage?

I am tempted to platitudes, to maxims in words of one syllable. Want and disease and such crimes as the law reaches are not the only sources of pain in this world. There are those whom tyranny wounds, and the unreason that rules the world and the stagnancy in the minds of men. And these things bruise and wound them not only at moments of voluntary withdrawal and reflection, but in every hour. In the simplest conversations in their own households they feel, like Claire Archer, that they are being nailed upon a cross of words. Like her they fear, p rhaps above all, the "betterness" of things. For in that "betterness" they see unerringly only the old qualities and unhopeful methods and gestures more glaringly revealed. They do indeed yearn so for "otherness" that at moments of supreme despair, standing upon that uttermost verge of perception where the substitution of words for things and formulae for qualities burns with a bitter brightness in their brain, they truly wonder whether in that beyond of insanity there may not be a cure for that mad thing which people call sanity.

Miss Glaspell's symbolical illustration of the processes of Claire's spirit is not, artistically, altogether happy. And it intrudes so constantly that at times it clutters the clear action and progress of her play. But it should have left no doubt as to her intention. Claire is an experimental horticulturist. Under her wise hands species change and new varieties are born. All nature adventures bravely forth and enlarges the boundaries of life and experience. Man alone whose possibilities of cosmic adventure have shifted from the physical to the psychical worships his own stagnancy and recurrently consecrates his changelessness in a world of change with ghastly rites and bloody ceremonies. The flowers do not crucify a new variety; the imperturbable forests have never become the inquisitors of a new species. Nature is majestic and adventurous at once; man is meanly busy preserving his monotony, cruelly eager that no new experience shall be born.

There is nothing didactic or polemical about "The Verge." Had there been, its obscurity would have seemed more penetrable. Claire meets the eternal cowardice, the eternal herd babble in her husband, her sister, her daughter. Whether they stay at home or go to the ends of the earth, whether they brood in towers or hurry in streets, they see, feel, experience nothing of their own, nothing that expresses a separate relation between themselves and the universe. Between them and it is a veil of words, platitudes, formularies—the same essentially that remote ancestors invented to hide the searing vision of reality from their blinking eyes. Not even the normal sanity of people is a sanity won at first hand. At any beyond they shudder as at the edge of monstrous chasms. How then can Claire who stands at the verge of such a beyond of experience not be insane? They are sure of it. They summon an alienist. And since indeed her mind in its flight from their sanity knocks at so fatal a door and finds it open, they are, by a supreme irony, confirmed and justified. That catastrophe is profound and may be rendered still clearer by another figure. The adventurer into the beyond sees his road and his goal. His fellows descry him solitary upon the verge. The terror of change seizes upon them—the terror that becomes hatred. Their cries deafen him, the dust of their stampede blinds him, stones wound him. He no longer sees the road or the goal. He loses his way. He is confused and sick in soul and blunders into madness or excess. The tragic guilt is where it always is—with the herd, with pursuit, with force, with the ax, the dagger, the cord. It is never with him who has sought the bridge, nourished life, loosened bonds.

The adventurer has his inner difficulties and intimate temptations. There are the passions of humanity. Claire feels them powerfully. She has her great temptation, the temptation to sink her apartness for a period in love. Her single wise and

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understanding friend resists. Later she has moved out from him beyond the salvation of a common experience. She has gone irretrievably over the verge, and pursuit and mockery have darkened the sky and driven her into the mists. She holds fast in spirit to the mystical glory of her purpose. But she is defeated and lost.

Miss Glaspell's dramaturgic structure is clear and clean and firm. The dialogue is delicately and precisely wrought. She has used a few uncommon words, but they are quite simple in themselves. Considering the intricacy of her theme the speech of her people is extraordinarily direct and lucid. Other American dramatists may have more obvious virtues; they may reach larger audiences and enjoy a less wavering repute. Susan Glaspell has a touch of that vision without which we perish. Those who desire to share it will gather about her.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest in 1921 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Friday, November 25, and not later than Saturday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."
2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.
3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.
4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.
5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.
6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 8, 1922.
7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

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International Relations Section

British Imperial Politics and the Arms Conference

II. The New Britain on the Pacific

By CHARLES HODGES

THE new Britain on the Pacific is a factor which has appeared with disconcerting vigor in the settlement of recent imperial destinies. Differing entirely from the Indian Empire and its train of political liabilities in the Middle East, from the hard-headed British business imperialism in the Far East, out across the South Pacific there has grown up a British control which is dominated by the needs of the new commonwealths of Australasia.

Thus into the world politics centering in the East there has come an Anglo-Saxon triangle of mutual interest, binding together the Pacific destinies of the Canadian, Australian, and New Zealand commonwealths and the United States. Barring Japan's control of the approaches to East Asia and the French possessions below the Equator on the opposite side of the Pacific, the British Empire and the United States jointly control the vast majority of the seventy million square miles of the world's largest water area.

I. Britain's Imperial Partners on the Pacific

A. Extent

Above the Equator, the British Empire finds itself covered by the Japanese to the East with the United States dominating both flanks by reason of its continental American position, plus the Alaskan and Hawaiian territories. The Dominion of Canada, spreading over the upper half of North America with its 3,729,000 square miles area and a population of 7,206,000, although itself still in the period of extensive exploitation, has come to play a considerable part in the development of Britain's Pacific interests.

Then, below the Equator, Australia and New Zealand likewise have grown from colonies to commonwealths of the British Empire. A quarter of a century after the allocation of Canada to England as a result of the Seven Years' War, terminating in 1763, the British began the occupation of Australasia. From this colonization by penal servitude initiated by the arrival of the "First Fleet" at Botany Bay in 1788, has come the Commonwealth of Australia formed by a federalization of the hitherto separate "colonies" proclaimed in 1901, and the Dominion of New Zealand subsequently created in 1907 after having been separated from its neighbor in 1840. In this way, the "lost continent" of Spain's Pacific supremacy of the 1600's became an overseas home of the English people —2,794,000 square miles of territory peopled by 5,247,000 men and women of British stock who regard themselves as the westernmost outpost on the frontier between East and West. And twelve hundred miles east of Australia stands New Zealand with its 103,581 square miles and 1,106,000 whites.

B. Pacific Interests

Since Chamberlain's empire-binding policies were advanced in the eighties when the Pacific's new age of world politics was dawning, there has been a growing conviction in Australasia, finding sympathetic support from the Dominion of Canada, that here was a buffer between Asia and the West which must be maintained intact. The British imperial point of view has found expression in the coordination of imperial defense and the development in the South Pacific of a dominion sea-power; in a renewed insistence upon an imperial economic union based on a preferential commercial system, in effect not unlike the earlier mercantile colonialism, but founded upon equality between a mother-country and its overseas partners; and in the notable calling together of the dominions to underwrite imperial destinies. On the other hand, these Pacific commonwealths by no means have been willing to follow blindly Downing Street's leads, as was evidenced in the sessions of the Imperial Conference at London last summer.

In short, there is a well-developed Pacific interest zealously held by Australia and New Zealand in conjunction with Canada to the north. It is necessarily a defensive position forced upon these newer of the white commonwealths by reason of the fact that their territories, although highly organized according to the material standards of our Western civilization, are nevertheless areas of vast natural potentialities lightly populated and threatened with the overflow of teeming Asia.

II. Britain's Regional and Imperial Colonialism on the Pacific

There are two distinct British colonial interests on the Pacific. The first represents the direct imperial holdings of the British Empire acquired and administered as part of a general insular expansion. The second marks the manhood of the commonwealths in the South Pacific, with their administration of the lesser British Islands of the Pacific—either in fee simple or under mandates conferred upon them as members of the League of Nations.

British Imperial Holdings. British occupation of the insular Pacific was precipitated on a large scale, beginning with the middle of the nineteenth century, by the old Anglo-French rivalry. Thus, to forestall France's ambitions, on the Pacific, there ensued a rapid extension of Great Britain's insular stakes, intensified by subsequent colonial competition from the German Empire toward the close of the century. The outcome found the British in general possession of the mid-Pacific; that is, scattered holdings in the main not more than 5 degrees above the Equator and extending southward through Polynesia, ranging from about 170 degrees east to 155 degrees west longitude. The Germans, replaced by Japan through the Great War, were in occupation to the north and Asiaward, and the French to the south and toward the Americas.[1]

(a) *The Gilbert and Ellice Islands.* Lying across the Equator just 180 miles south of Japan's Marshall Islands, the Gilbert and Ellice groups mark the most important and northernmost possessions of Britain. The 30,000 Poly-

[1] "Papers prepared by the Historical Section of the (British) Foreign Office for the Peace Conference," Nos. 139 and 144; C. Brunsdon Fletcher, "The Problem of the Pacific."

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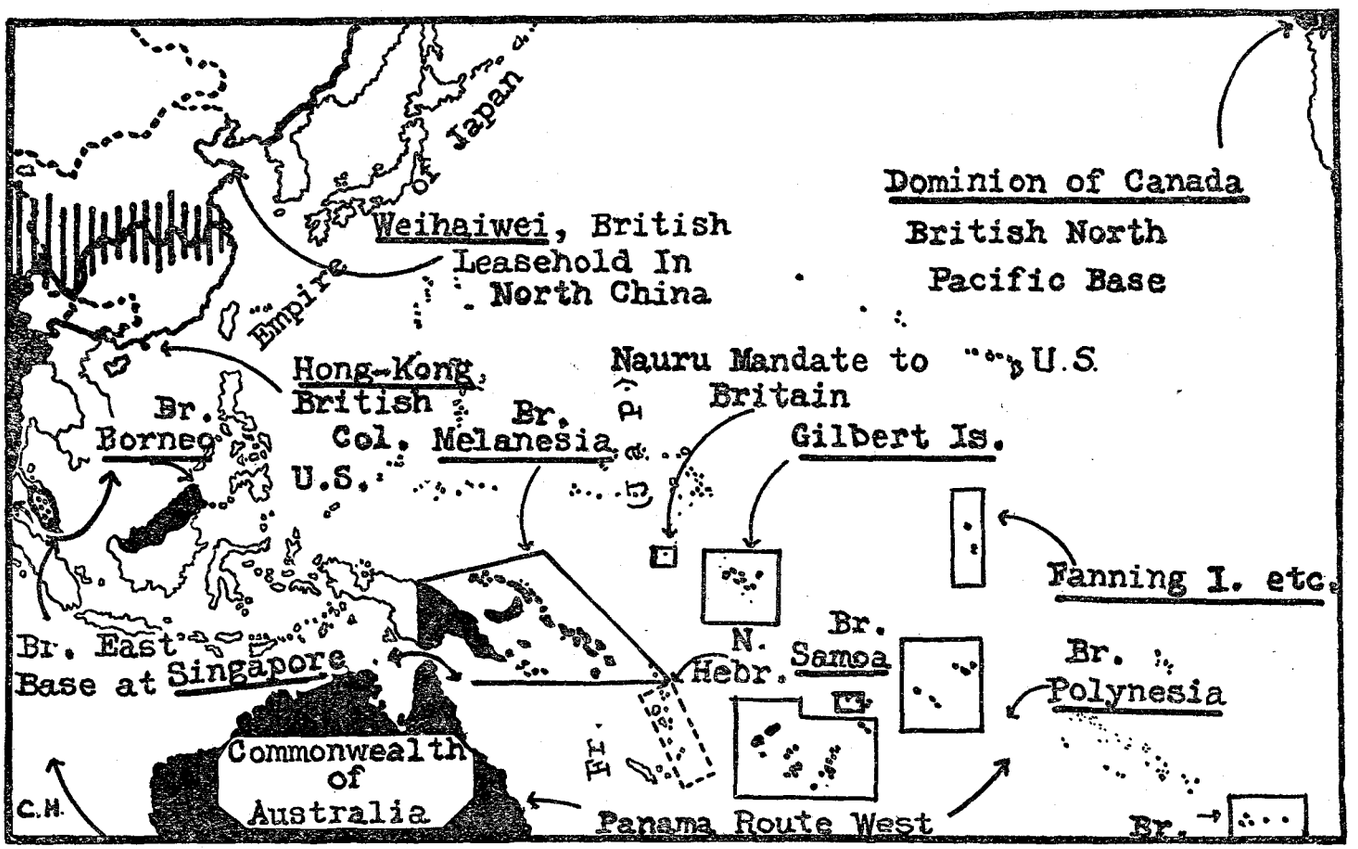

The extent of British domination over the islands of the Pacific and the approaches to the Asiatic mainland

nesian population makes the archipelagos, comprising 180 square miles, among the most heavily peopled areas in the Pacific. (Protectorate 1892; annexed at request of native governments 1915; Ocean Island the administrative subcenter of the High Commissionership for the Western Pacific.)

(*b*) *British Solomon Islands.* To the east of the New Guinea and below the Bismarck Archipelago (mandated to Australia) are the British Solomon Islands under a protectorate covering 14,600 square miles with 150,000 natives, not completely subjugated. (Under jurisdiction of the High Commissionership for the Western Pacific at Fiji; included in the Resident Commissionership of the Solomon Islands is the Santa Cruz group with an area of 380 square miles and a population of 5,000 Melanesians.)

(*c*) *The New Hebrides.* Southward lies the condominium of the New Hebrides, jointly occupied with France since the 1880's, covering 6,000 square miles and supporting a population of approximately 65,000.[2]

(*d*) *The Fiji Islands.* Just to the east of the New Hebrides and 1,000 miles north of New Zealand are the Fiji Islands, ceded to Britain by the native Melanesian peoples as early as 1874. The center of British influence in Oceania, the Fijis total about 200 islands in eight main clusters forming the Leeward and Windward groups containing 7,083 square miles. An extensive plantation economy has been developed, especially since the bulk of the area is found on the main islands of Viti Levu and Vanua Levu, totaling 4,053 and 2,130 square miles each respectively. The population of the Fijis aggregates 166,000, this including 61,153 Indian immigrants supplying the labor-power lacking so generally throughout the insular Pacific. Suva, the seat of government, is the administrative heart of the British Empire's direct holdings in this part of the world, the Governor of Fiji being the High Commissioner of the Western Pacific. Attached thereto are a number of minor possessions such as the British "Line Islands" which are scattered along the Equator—the Phœnix, Christmas, Malden, etc.; the Union (Tokelau)—as well as Pitcairn, etc., to the far south.

(*e*) *The Tonga Islands.* Known also as the Friendly Islands, the Tongas have been under British protectorate since 1899 after having been neutralized under the Declaration of Berlin in 1886. The four groups total 390 square miles and support a Polynesian population of 24,000 lying between the Fijis and French Oceania.

(*f*) *Mandatary for Nauru.* Great Britain holds the mandate for the strategic phosphate deposits on Nauru, an ex-German island near the Gilbert group exploited from 1906 by British capital on a 94-year concession given by the Jaluit Gesellschaft for Nauru and the other Marshall Islands.[3]

POSSESSIONS OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTHS ON THE PACIFIC. Both the Commonwealth of Australia and the Dominion of New Zealand hold extensive colonial equities on the Pacific.

A. Australian Possessions

(*a*) *British New Guinea.* As well as administering the vast unoccupied area of Australia known as the Northern Territory, the commonwealth also controls for Britain the southeastern portion of New Guinea (British Papua)—bounded on the north by the ex-German possessions and on the west by the Dutch—just to the north of the island

[2] See French Vested Interests at the Arms Conference, *The Nation*, Nov. 16, 1921, p. 580.

[3] "Papers Prepared by the Historical Section of the (British) Foreign Office for the Peace Conference," No. 146.

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continent. It has an area of 90,540 square miles with a Melanesian population of about 200,000; considerable progress has been made since the beginnings of Australian control in the eighties to extend the plantation economy.

(*b*) *Mandatary for Ex-German Melanesia.* In addition, Australia has been allocated the mandate for the former German holdings directly above British Papua—Kaiser Wilhelm's Land and the Bismarck Archipelago. Occupied by the German Empire in 1884 as part of its plans for a rapid colonial extension, Kaiser Wilhelm's Land has an area of 70,000 square miles and a population estimated to range from 110,000 to 350,000, while the Bismarck Archipelago Protectorate included some 8,000 square miles and 82,000 natives, plus 380 square miles of the northernmost Solomons peopled by 17,000 Melanesians.[4]

B. New Zealand's Holdings

(*a*) *The Cook and Hervey Islands.* The South Pacific Islands lying between the Fijis and French Polynesia known as the Cook and Hervey Islands are scattered holdings including between 280 and 390 square miles and a population of 12,797 Polynesians. Taking on the guardianship of British interests here in 1901, New Zealand annexed the many small groups and in 1915 gave them membership in the Executive Council of the Dominion.[5]

(*b*) *Mandatary for Ex-German Samoa.* Partitioned between Germany and the United States by agreement reached in 1899-1900, under which Great Britain abandoned all claims on the Samoan group, the Great War brought the British back into possession of the German half. New Zealand was given the mandate in the settlement over ex-German Samoa's 1,300 square miles of territory and population of 41,000 (including 37,000 natives).

III. Britain's "Colonial Nations" on the Pacific

The motive back of the aggressive participation of Britain's "colonial nations" on the Pacific in this reallocation of imperial interests has been strategic; they have sought to defend their own weakly occupied territory by a firm control of the far-flung insular approaches from the over-populated East.

These commonwealths have come to have a threefold general concern in events across the Pacific: (1) In imperial matters, especially where a relationship such as the Anglo-Japanese Alliance is involved; (2) with respect to the *status quo* in the Far East itself, i.e., whether or not conditions are such that a nation situated like Japan will find an outlet for its energies *Asia-ward* or *Pacific-ward;* and (3) the growing industrialization of the Pacific basin and the rise of competing economies giving the Pacific Islands a new commercial significance.

The Russian Monarchists at Play

THE Russian monarchists in several countries are still active and apparently undiscouraged. A statement has lately been put out by Boris Brasol, the representative in the United States of the Supreme Council of the Russian Monarchical Party, for the purpose of confuting the "many misstatements" recently made about his party. We print the document below, simply pointing out one or two misstatements in Mr. Brasol's own pronouncement. The Far

[4] *Ibid.*, No. 146.
[5] See "Stewart's Handbook of Pacific Islands," annual gazetteer, Sidney, Australia.

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Eastern Republic is not headed "by Tobelsohn alias Goloshchokoff" as is stated in paragraph 6. Its president is Nicholas Matveyev, elected on September 27, 1921. The former head of the government was Stoller Tobinson, who has also gone by the name of Krasnoshchokov.

The Russian Monarchical Party takes the following stand on the Far Eastern situation as far as Russian national interests are involved:

1. The violation of the integrity of Russian territory and Russian interests in the Far East would be liable to cause grave international complications in the near future.

2. Russia's legitimate rights in China and more specifically Russia's right to exploit the Eastern Chinese railroad must be recognized by the Powers on the Pacific.

3. Russian consular jurisdiction in China based upon the different treaties concluded between the Russian Empire and China must remain intact.

4. While Russia does not object to the infiltration of American, Chinese, and Japanese capital in the exploitation of Russia's natural resources in the Far East (fisheries, mining, furs, coal) nevertheless any attempt to use the intrusion of foreign capital in the Russian Far East for ulterior political motives is liable to cause grave political disturbances in the Far East.

5. The secret treaty between Imperial Russia and Japan, concluded in 1916, shall be abrogated because of its possible interpretation as having an aggressive character toward other Powers on the Pacific and toward the principle of the open door in China.

6. The Far Eastern Republic, headed by Tobelsohn, alias Goloshchokoff, and Shatoff, shall not be recognized by the foreign Powers because it is a Soviet Republic closely tied to and directed by the Moscow Soviet Government, and also on account of the fact that the recognition of such a republic would constitute a further attempt to dismember the territory of the former Russian Empire.

7. Siberia as a whole shall be recognized as a field for the cultural expansion of the white race, led by the Russian people.

8. Every attempt must be made to preserve peace between Japan and the United States, since it is realized that an armed conflict between these two Pacific Powers would inevitably cause a social catastrophe both in the United States and in Japan, while the whole world would inevitably feel the disastrous consequences of social explosions on both sides of the Pacific.

The Russian Monarchical Party is unreservedly opposed to the Soviet regime and is resolved to carry its fight to a finish against the alien oppressors of the Russian people, simultaneously expressing the deep conviction that the hour of victory is close at hand.

The Russian Monarchical Party likewise is unreservedly opposed to those semi-bolshevist, socialist, and radical factions which, although ostensibly disagreeing with the soviets, are nevertheless working for the achievement of the sinister aims of internationalism. The Russian Monarchical Party unreservedly condemns the revolution in Russia which has wrought upon that country misery and ruin.

The Russian Monarchical Party believes that the regeneration of Russia can and will be attained only through the reinstitution of the monarchical regime, which will have the support of both the Russian Church and the Russian people at large. The Russian Monarchical Party is strongly in favor of the widest participation of all classes of the Russian people in affairs of statesmanship including legislation and administration. The Russian Monarchical Party believes that the land question cannot be solved otherwise than by means of the utmost encouragement of small or farmers' land-ownership which will be the basis of Russia's agricultural progress, provided the lands given to the peasants will be owned by them on the basis of individual ownership.

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The Russian Monarchical Party is extremely anxious to encourage by all means the commercial intercourse between the United States and regenerated Russia, and expresses its deep conviction that in the future reconstruction of Russia American capital and business initiative will play a prominent role.

The Prayer of a Monarchist

A wide participation in affairs of statesmanship is not, however, the aim of Russian monarchist agents at present in Constantinople, who have circulated for signatures among the numerous Russian refugees in that city the following declaration:

I, signed below, deeply convinced that Russia may be saved only through the voluntary and conscious rallying of all sincere patriots around the Holy Czar's banner, and in fulfilment of my duty toward the Fatherland, declare herewith, that not only will I not demand the right of unbounded political free will which has been given me as a result of the sad events of 1917 and the exercise of which by every one of us has logically brought the country to a state of anarchy, but that I will joyfully renounce this pernicious gift by participating in a most earnest prayer to the Oldest Representative of the Russian Imperial House to take upon Himself the great burden of the Supreme Power. I will do this in the firm hope that His Imperial Highness in His Grace will remove from me the heavy responsibility for the further fate of the Russian people, thus granting me the opportunity in clear conscience to take up again a part in the general Russian cause corresponding to my powers and vocation and not interfering at the same time with my duties toward the Church, Humanity, and the Family, which at present I cannot fully exercise owing to my constant cares about our Fatherland.

.....192....
(signature)

Educating Russian-Americans

An amazing amount of Russian monarchist literature, some printed in the United States, some imported from Berlin, Constantinople, and Belgrade, the chief centers of monarchist propaganda, is secretly or openly being distributed among Russians of the Greek-Orthodox faith in this country, in order to "educate" them and make them ready, when the opportune time arrives, to go back to Russia and help a Czarist counter revolution. Covering its front page in deep mourning, the *Bulletin*, a monarchist weekly sheet in pamphlet form, printed in New York, laments Russia's present fate, and says, in an article entitled The Death of the Nation:

Russia will not be saved by the Hoover Relief Commission.

The nation will continue to die along the whole vastness of Russia.

The salvation of Russia and its people will only be found in the single firm czarist power.

To the Czar we must pray. . . .

Him we must beg to come and feed, console, and cure the long-suffering country. The sooner Russia falls on its knees with a prayer to the Czar, the less will be the number of victims of the disaster.

Let our prayers in millions of voices, as from a single powerful chest, ring out in the old national hymn:

Reign for our glory's sake,
Reign for our enemies' fear,
Czar of Greek-Orthodox faith. . . .

The hour is nearing. . . . The secret concealed desires of the people are near their realization. Already the hearts of the people are throbbing, warmed by his lovely smile. . . . His stern eyes bring terror to the hearts of his enemies. . . . The Czar is coming. . . .

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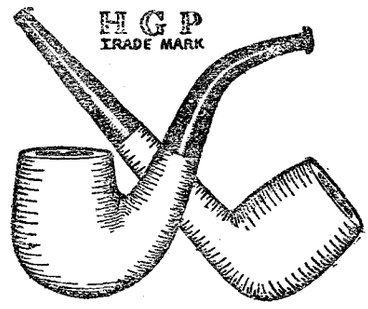

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